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## CHRONICLE.

**THE PRIME MINISTER**—perhaps in that mood, known to man generally, which comes of an equally successful welcoming and speeding of a guest of moment—was very much himself on *Friday* week in the House of Lords. He plastered, rather with mustard than with healing balms, the smarts of Lord HERRIES and Lord STANLEY of Alderley on the subject of ST. ELIZABETH, by suggesting that artists, “in their desire to show their knowledge of the human form” and their command of flesh tints, overcame their inclination to clothe saintly persons with a sufficiency of garments.” He disclaimed any power of pronouncing Siamese with the accuracy of Lord LAMINGTON, but was, fortunately, able to contradict the rumours of French encroachments in Siam. And, lastly, in accordance with a most excellent practice of the Upper House, he moved that Lord DENMAN be not heard during the sitting, thereby stopping a motion of that eccentric peer’s which, if it had any meaning at all, could only have been intended to cast a slight on the memory of Lord GRANVILLE. The Lower House, unfortunately, cannot deal with Mr. MORTON as the Upper does with Lord DENMAN, though the misdemeanours of the former are infinitely worse than those of the latter. During the same night, while Mr. MORTON himself and other doleful creatures were howling round Mr. PLUNKET in the deserts of Supply, that most polite and popular of officials was driven to say that “the tone of the hon. member was such that he was not sure he ought to have any answer at all.” Mr. PRITCHARD MORGAN’s grievance that the Crown will not let him have its gold for nothing, the notorious failure of the House to do Scotch business, secret service money, and so forth, made the weary hours pass somehow.

On *Monday* the Upper House, as a natural consequence of its behaviour on the second reading, let the Education Bill through Committee unopposed. In the Lower the Opposition, led by Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, distinguished themselves on the Victoria Nyanza railway matter in a fashion which seems to require more extensive comment elsewhere, and the Irish Estimates brought on a very feeble attempt to renew the Secretary-baiting exploits of former days. But alas! Mr. BALFOUR is very bad to bait, and very good at baiting back, and the jaws of the would-be baiters are weary with exercise on one another. So the thing went off with a tameness quite shocking to see.

Many Bills received the Royal Assent in the House of Lords on *Tuesday* morning, and in the afternoon the Registration of Title (Ireland) Bill passed through Committee. The House of Commons discussed the unsavoury subject of the member for East Belfast. For once we find ourselves in agreement with Mr. LABOUCHERE and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, who protested against further medical inspection of this person. Indeed, we are still more inclined to agree with Mr. LOWTHER that, the order of the House for his appearance not having been obeyed, expulsion out of hand would be the best course. Short of that, simple postponement till next Session, and then instant action, seems best. The House once more wallowed in Irish estimates.

The House of Lords had, for once in a way, a short *Wednesday* sitting, in order to pass some Bills through the Report stage. In the House of Commons Mr. BALFOUR made a statement about relief works in Ireland which in the palmy days of the Irish Parliamentary party would have been good for many hours’ or days’ debate, and perhaps an all-night sitting. Alas! those days are done; and the ghosts of Mr. HEALY and Dr. TANNER, rather than the full-bodied presences of those heroes, having squeaked and gibbered awhile, the vote was passed unopposed. Some considerable discussion and a division, in which the pro-

posal was negatived by the not very large majority of 115 to 80, took place on an amendment of Mr. BUXTON’s on the subject of the Crown Law Officers and private business. Nobody, we believe, denies that the present system is anomalous in theory, and, what is more, sometimes very inconvenient in practice; but no one, so far as we know, has ever proposed any scheme which, in remedying the theoretical, would not aggravate the practical, objections. Even a very large increment to the salary, and the total prohibition of private practice, would not necessarily work; so strong would the objection of the best men be to breaking off their connexion with practice, while any moment might throw them out of office.

The House of Lords on *Thursday* were chiefly busy with the Factories and Workshops Bill, wherein they, to the horror of those rigid advocates of fixity in legislation, the Liberal peers, reversed a decision of their own Grand Committee. The Commons discussed the Lords’ amendments to the Land Purchase Bill, some of which they accepted, disagreeing with others. But a good deal of the sitting was occupied with personal matters. That good but odd person Mr. ATKINSON got into trouble about a petition. The unsavoury DE COBAIN case came to the rather lame interim conclusion that the House allowed its order to run unheeded till next Session. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL gravely explained on the interesting subject of “devils,” and an unnecessary amount of talk took place on Mr. STOREY’s case, in which Mr. STOREY himself largely shared. It might have been in better taste if he had held his tongue, and, like other accused persons, he seems to confuse the question whether he is “capable of” perjurying himself—an interesting but academic one—with the much more actual and instant question whether he did commit perjury. The House of Commons is not the place to settle this last.

The immense success of the Education Bill in winning the affections of the electors was well shown in the Wisbech election. In 1886 Captain SELWYN obtained a Tory majority of 1,087; Mr. BRAND has converted this into a Gladstonian majority of 260.

Mr. BALFOUR spoke at Hatfield to a great Speeches, &c. Primrose League gathering on Saturday, and hugged himself and them very pleasantly, not the least interesting part of the speech, both to speaker and hearers, being the CHIEF SECRETARY’S solemn lament over the wicked armchair politician who criticizes good Conservative statesmen. As Mr. BALFOUR justly observes, this kind is numerous among us—as indeed is natural in the party of brains and freedom. Imagination refuses to conceive a Gladstonian venturing to criticize Mr. GLADSTONE. —Mr. PARNELL spoke at Newcastle pluckily enough, but as one in evil case; and, in truth, to be vanquished by Mr. HEALY and Mr. SEXTON must be a bitter thing. —Lord GEORGE HAMILTON received and addressed in the usual way a deputation of protest against meddling with the Naval Volunteers on Tuesday. —Mr. CHAMBERLAIN spoke at Birmingham at a meeting where the Gazaland envoys who vex the soul of Mr. LABOUCHERE were present.

A singular and characteristic seesaw took place in the French Chamber last week, when an interpellation of M. LAUR’s on the Alsace-Lorraine passport business brought something like a serious defeat on the Government one day, to be made up next by a still larger majority in their sense. It may not have been dignified, but the dignity of popular assemblies is a subject on which it does not become England to be too pharisaical. The immediate result of this was a report, not, it would seem, wholly unfounded, of the resignation of M. DE FREYCINET. His colleagues, however, gathered round and “bathed him with their tears,” and after that

bath (always tonic and stimulant to a Frenchman) screwed him to the sticking place.—A naïf and curious letter was published on Wednesday from Prince GEORGE of Greece, describing the assault on the CZAREWITCH in terms which (unless we suppose that Prince GEORGE resembles the ancient inhabitants of that island which is panting to come under his father's dominion) effectually dispose of all ill-natured and minimizing accounts of the matter.—The Prince of NAPLES arrived in England, on a semi-State visit, on Wednesday. This visit, though, of course, there is nothing directly political in it, is, we fear, not likely to soothe the irritation of the French, who are comforting themselves by the fraternization of the Russian fleet with theirs at Cronstadt. The actual meeting of the fleets seems (with a little running ground, but not more than reason) to have gone off very well. Unfortunately for France, this Russ-Frank alliance, as she would herself say, *cloche*. There is a community of dislike, but no community of interest, and something like an incompatibility of institutions.—It is said that the Kurds have finally given up KATE GREENFIELD, about whose case we shall now, perhaps, hear something of a more definite kind, and from less doubtful sources than hitherto.

The case of RUFFER *v.* SEBAG last week threw light, rather of the kind which journalists used to call lurid, upon the very curious code of Stock Exchange morality.—A rather unusual number of cases of interest were decided in the Law Courts on Monday, the House of Lords in particular giving judgment (for the Bishop of course) in the St. Paul's reredos cases, which had elicited such a singular dissension on Lord COLERIDGE's part from almost all his colleagues, and freeing certain Moravian charities from Income-tax.—The somewhat notorious divorce case of LYON *v.* LYON and WARNER went practically by default for the petitioner, and on "grounds of public policy" it was decided that a policy of insurance effected by the late Mr. MAYBRICK on his life, with no proviso of exception, save suicide and death by the public executioner, was not payable to his widow's trustees, because she was found guilty of his murder. But does not this encourage insurance Companies to offer wives premiums for husband-murder?—Mr. HYNDMAN, who had been summoned for obstruction by meeting in Sloane Square, was fined (a nominal sum) at Westminster Police Court on Monday.—Mr. SEXTON's action against the *Scotsman*, brought to clear the Wind-baggian character from the aspersions of a certain Mr. CROCKETT (*qui est très méchant*, and when Windbags hit him hits back in letters which the *Scotsman* publishes), failed, in Edinburgh, on Tuesday.—An important judgment was delivered by the House of Lords supporting a County Court judge on a question of employers' liability.—The *affaire Bottomley* has reached the concerns of the Hansard Publishing Union; and, as the constables at Aldershot in the case of ALICE MILLARD have, after a mass of very curious evidence, been committed for trial, that matter is likely to be satisfactorily searched out.—Some rather undignified passages have marked the CATHCART Lunacy Inquiry, and it may be said, without the slightest reflection on Mr. BULWER, that it is a pity these things cannot be heard before a "red judge." The case was finally decided by the jury in favour of Mrs. CATHCART, who is certainly a rather lucky woman; though no fault need be found with the verdict. We wish we could say as much of the conduct of Mrs. CATHCART's counsel.—During the week Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS, with whom we do not always agree, made an excellent suggestion as to trying that noble animal the cat on the persons of wife-beaters of the worst kind.

On Friday week Middlesex beat Lancashire in one innings, chiefly owing to Mr. STODDART's tremendous 215 not out against excellent bowling; Surrey beat Yorkshire, not, indeed, in one innings, but without the loss of a wicket in the second; and Derbyshire a not very strong team of M.C.C. Notts beat Sussex on Saturday, the most interesting part of the play being the second innings of the Sussex men, who had earlier looked like winning, but were all got out in scarcely more than an hour by ATTEWELL and SHACKLOCK for 38. Hampshire on the same day, who had been for some time improving a little on their dismal record, beat Essex. On Tuesday Surrey's record was at last broken by Derbyshire, thanks chiefly to the batting of CHAITERTON and BAGSHAW, and the bowling of DAVIDSON and PORTER. On the same day Sussex beat a very strong batting eleven of Middlesex. Somerset beat Gloucestershire on Wednesday, when also

SHREWSBURY, at Bradford, played a very fine innings of 151 in a match between two teams captained respectively by HALL and SHERWIN.—There was nothing very interesting in the racing of the week, except the Liverpool Summer Cup, which was won by Captain MACHELL's Rathbeal on Wednesday.—At Bisley the Queen's Cup was won by Private DEAR, of the 1st Edinburgh. The Kolapore Cup went on Wednesday to the Mother-country (which was, however, run hard by Canada and Guernsey), and the Chancellor's Plate to Cambridge. The Elcho Shield was won on Thursday by England, Captain FOULKES of the winning team making a "record" score; and Charterhouse took the Ashburton.

Yet another smash took place, with great loss Miscellaneous. of life, last Saturday, on that unluckiest of unlucky ventures, the Manchester Ship Canal.—On Sunday the Mayor of Eastbourne plucked up courage to arrest some of the rascal rout whom "General" BOOTH has been importing weekly to disturb the peace of that place. In any other country the said rascals would have their heads well broken and their impudent employer would be laid by the heels for breach of the peace. The thanks of all England are due to the Eastbourne authorities for what they have done, and a little volunteer effort to assist them would not be amiss. In time, no doubt, the disgusting nuisance called Salvationism will wear itself out; but it is rather too bad that the only quiet day of the week should be made hideous by it meanwhile, as it is almost everywhere.—On Monday the PRINCE OF WALES laid a stone at the Battersea Polytechnic, and spoke at the Royal College of Music; while Lord DUFFERIN performed the latter office for the MACDONALD Memorial.—The PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES had a very cordial reception at Birmingham, whither they went on Tuesday to open the new Law Courts, of which HER MAJESTY laid the first stone four years ago.—A rather lively debate took place in the London County Council on Tuesday as to the resignation of Captain SHAW, with a good deal of cross-voting.—On Wednesday the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES opened the Goldsmiths' Institute at New Cross. Lady SALISBURY launched a new cruiser, the *Endymion*, at Hull. Honours (the usual baronetcy and knighthoods) were announced for the LORD MAYOR and Sheriffs in respect of the German EMPEROR's visit, and a very distinguished assemblage sat down to dinner for the surely unexpected purpose of celebrating the jubilee of Mr. THOMAS COOK's shop for selling tourist tickets. If we had FAUSTUS's power, we should certainly summon CARLYLE and MONTESQUIEU, from wherever they are, to give us, the one a Latterday Pamphlet, the other a Lettre Persane, on this most Britannic and eccentric proceeding. Mr. GLADSTONE would have liked to come, and the Commander-in-Chief, a prince or two, endless generals, admirals, peers, M.P.'s, and "other fashionables," did actually come to do honour—to whom?—to a 'cute and respectable man of business, who has made many nice places less nice than they were before, and has turned a quite honest penny thereby.

Sir WILLIAM FETTES DOUGLAS, President of the Royal Scottish Academy, an artist of diligence and delicacy, is perhaps the chief name in this week's Obituary.

Mr. HOWELL's *Criticism and Fiction* (OSGOOD), and the first volume of Mr. LELAND's complete translated HEINE (HEINEMANN), have appeared this week. CHILDE LELAND is a dauntless, an experienced, and a right cunning knight at literary arms; but the translation, especially the complete translation, of HEINE is a very Dark Tower indeed.

#### THE LABOUR COMMISSION AGAIN.

OF late there has been a marked improvement in the quality of the evidence tendered to the Labour Commission. There has been less of the rant which formed so large a part of the first day's proceedings. Some, whose opinions are entitled to respect, have maintained that no harm was done by allowing this yeasty stuff to be poured out before the Commission, since the persons who uttered it would be deprived of the power to complain that a hearing was refused them, and would, while wasting time, also demonstrate their own emptiness. We



are not sure that the advantage to be gained in this way altogether compensates for the importance conferred on the agitators who were allowed to pose on such a conspicuous platform. But if it is done with, no more need be said about it. From the fact that there has been no further appearance of Mr. QUELCH, and only one of Mr. TILLET, it may be hoped that the Commission has really decided to settle to work. Mr. TILLET's final appearance (if it is final) was eminently useful from the point of view of those judges with whom we cannot wholly agree. He gave another example of the muddle of head which is not the least prominent characteristic of the Labour leader. It is Mr. TILLET's opinion that there should be a fixed forty-eight-hours week—not an eight-hours day, which he allows to be impossible, differing therein from other eminent Labour leaders—which fixed forty-eight-hours week is to be “subject to the right of the employers and men to agree to work longer in case of necessity.” It is to be a fixed week which is subject to extension. Employers and men are never to kiss the maid unless they prefer her to the mistress. “Necessity,” to be sure, is not to mean emergency, but only accident. We have thought hitherto that an accident is emphatically an emergency. Mr. HUBBARD gave reasons to believe that the life of the docks is a life of emergencies, which has been held to excuse swearing. Equally luminous was the good advice which Mr. TILLET gave in reply to Sir JOHN GORST's anxious inquiry what he, Sir JOHN, ought to do to be saved when he becomes First Lord of the Admiralty. Sir JOHN will know when he has at last triumphed over the opposition which mediocrity always offers to men of genius, that he should look round at the best conducted industries, and then give his men something more than they give. So shall he remove that “great deal of dissatisfaction” which, he took occasion to remark, prevails among the Government's servants. Then he may set about attending to the navy. Does the Commission exist to enable “rising” politicians to get tips from Labour leaders, or are the evil communications of witnesses beginning to corrupt the good manners of the Commissioners?

It is possible that even the “executives” of riverside Unions may begin themselves to think that enough has been said about their peculiar business. Mr. WALSH, “dock labourer,” gave evidence as to the consequences of the great strike which may help to bring them the more rapidly to that opinion. He affirmed that the condition of the casual labourer—on whose behalf the whole disturbance was made, by the way—is worse than it was. The hour's pay is higher; but there are fewer hours' work to be got. “The new Unionists neglect the interests of the “casual man”; and, on the whole, Mr. WALSH could wish the strike had never taken place. His view of co-operation is particularly refreshing. It is only another name for piece-work—a system under which “every man drove every “other.” Not more pay and less work, but the active coercion of every man by the self-interest of his mates is what co-operation means; and, on trial of it, Mr. WALSH prefers a day's work for a day's wages. He even went so far as to say that “he did not believe that the men who “determined the policy of the Union in November 1890 were “true representatives of the labourers.” This is flat blasphemy. It would be almost absurd to praise Mr. HUBBARD for not taking up the time of the Commission with his wishes and ideas as to what the organization of labour should be. The Chairman of the London and India Docks Joint Committee naturally kept mainly to facts and a few suggestions arising out of them. Some of his evidence as to the wages paid to men in the employment of the Dock Company may, perhaps, surprise those who have gathered their knowledge as to the condition of that class of men from the rhetoric of stump-orators. Mr. HUBBARD showed by chapter and verse that the average wage of a docker is not 11s. or 12s. a week, except in the case of a fifth or sixth of them, who only come into the docks occasionally. Men who attend regularly and on whom the Dock Companies can count earn at piece-work an average wage of 1*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.* per week, and at day-work 1*l.* 5*s.* 5*d.*, which are not, for little-skilled work of a healthy, though to some extent dangerous, character, bad wages. As an example of the evidence on which the docker's earnings were put at the lesser figure, Mr. HUBBARD quoted the case of SALTER, who put his own average earnings at 10*s.* or 12*s.* a week. SALTER is secretary of one of the branches of the Union, and presents himself at the docks only when not otherwise engaged. Mr. HUBBARD's account of the struggle which the Dock Companies had to

make after the settlement of the strike to prevent the Union from getting possession of a monopoly of the work—with intent to use their power in the spirit described by Mr. WALSH—may be recommended to the sentimental people who were run away with by the CARDINAL and others at the time of the great strike. Mr. LAWS, of the Shipping Federation, is possibly suspect as a strong partisan, but he, too, was copious in facts all tending to illustrate the methods of the new Unions. He so far followed the example set by the agitators as to give his opinion touching a desirable change in the law. In common with other sensible men, Mr. LAWS thinks that picketing is a detestable form of intimidation, and he has the courage to say that it should be prohibited. The right of one body of men to watch another, as long as they do not use spoken threats of violence, although it is perfectly well known that they mean to make the men they are watching understand that violence will be used, is an absurdity. It is the result of a usurpation on the part of the Unions, which has been permitted through the unthinking sentimentality of Parliament, and, we may add, of the very courts of law at times.

The extravagance of the talk which has come from the docks, and its connexion with the most pestilent folly talked in our time about the rights and wrongs of labourers, has given this part of the “evidence” taken by the Commission a very natural prominence. But much has been heard from other industries, notably from the weavers and miners, compared with whom the dockers are an insignificant body. Even among them we hear of the violence which is the disgrace of the Unions. Mr. RAWLINSON, of the North and North-East Lancashire Cotton Spinners' Association, had to speak of the “ruffianism” which broke out at Preston during the strike at the mills of Messrs. HARTLEY BROS. The manufacturers kept their works open for the benefit of the non-Union workmen, and the result was an outbreak of violence, which attracted much attention at the time. As a general rule, however, what is heard from these quarters is more creditable. The evidence, as a whole, has considerable value for the sake of the light it throws on two very common platitudes of the day—the assertion that the men are under-paid while the capitalists make vast profits, and the supposed advantage of Government arbitration. Witnesses who are in a position to know assert that in many cases mills are run at a loss for years, the owners paying Income-tax, though they were not earning a sixpence. Mr. A. SIMPSON put the average profits of the Lancashire mills for the last ten years at five per cent. Yet the weavers have been earning good wages. Mr. BIRRWISTLE, who is not a prejudiced authority, and Mr. WILKINSON, who is secretary of a Weavers' Association, allow that the wages are fair. Mr. WILKINSON quoted the case of a family who earned four pounds a week. Both spoke of the weavers as a prosperous body, which can save, and does save, money. Much the same story is told of the mining districts. Neither industry expresses any general desire either for a legislative regulation of the hours of labour or for arbitration. Here and there an opinion was given in favour of this fad; but, as a rule, the representatives both of the employers and of the weavers were agreed that they could settle their disputes best between themselves. All the joint Associations have not been so successful as the Cleveland Association. In that district there are but few mining firms, and there is not much diversity of interest. Common action has been comparatively easy, and strikes have been avoided for years. Under less favourable conditions there has been less success; but, on the whole, masters and men have found it possible to work together without more quarrelling than is, perhaps, inevitable between people who are bargaining. One of the causes of friction arises from those mysteries of trade which the outside world endeavours to understand with respectful attention. It has to do with the difference between the quoted and the actual price of iron. The wages of the Cleveland miners are fixed according to the price of iron; but iron has two prices—the imaginary, newspaper or gambling price, and the real one. Now the wages are fixed by the second, which is only known to the employers. The men think it ought to be fixed by the figure accessible in the papers. It is easy, according to Mr. BELL of Middlesborough, to make the reason of the men understand that the standard must be the second or substantial price, but not equally easy to persuade “their “imagination and their hearts” that they ought not to get

the more favourable one. It would appear, however, to be done; and, considering what a pretty cause of quarrel they have, the feat speaks well for the good sense of both masters and men.

#### NICKY.

PRINCE GEORGE of Greece has written, and the press has published, his account of the Imperial rumpus at Kioto. The description is given with an agreeable simplicity and devoutness of style and spirit, but does not exactly explain *why* the Japanese policeman broke the head of NICKY, as Prince GEORGE calls the CESAREWITCH. NICKY and GEORGE seem to have offered no provocation. On the other hand, they paid a compliment to Japan by going to see all the "objects of interest"—everything, in fact, which a child of nature, travelling for pleasure, would sedulously avoid. They were as earnest tourists as M. D'ALALY on his honeymoon; they pursued trees and pictures aged one thousand years. But Prince GEORGE offers the KING of the Hellenes no criticisms on *les primitifs* of Japanese art. His letter is not written on Mr. BOUNCER's celebrated plan; he has not taken a leaf out of BAEDER'S book. He rather seems to say, "Look what good boys we were, and how mindful of our Royal and Imperial duties. We went to see objects of interest." This is certainly a duty of which, when performed, a man may make his boast; for objects of interest are precisely the least interesting objects in most, perhaps in all, countries. Italy would be very well were it not for its churches and picture-galleries, and little books by Mr. RUSKIN. No doubt a similar rule holds in Japan. The Princes "visited temples, manufactures, &c." We know not, nor do many Japanese know, what is worshipped in the temples. As for the manufactures, if the reader has ever been at Middlesbro', he can guess what the Imperial tourists endured. To have things of a concrete and commercial character explained to one "is devilish," as MARJORY FLEMING says about *Nine Times Nine*. The Royal wanderers have our respectful sympathy and commiseration. They dined, we are glad to hear, "and went to a house where the natives performed their dances," and we do not wonder at it. Prince GEORGE, a chronicler, not a critic, does not tell the BASILEUS of the Hellenes what he thought of those objects of interest—the Mousmis. After a good deal of travelling in dindrikshahs or jinrikshas (perhaps the only adequate rhyme to kickshaws), the travellers entered a narrow street, where Prince GEORGE remarked the singular conduct of a *Bhōbi* or Japanese policeman. This official—goodness only knows why—was hitting NICKY over the head with a two-handed sword. He must have been no adept; for both hits "penetrated to the skull, but, luckily, no further." The CESAREWITCH behaved with all the courage of the ROMANOFFS, while Prince GEORGE knocked the policeman down with his stick. And this, too, needed courage, for a stick is a poor guard against a two-handed sword. Prince GEORGE "admired NICKY's pluck," and every one will admire Prince GEORGE's, though it does not seem to occur to him that he behaved with great courage and presence of mind. As for NICKY, he had not even a headache, and he slept for nine hours straight on end. Aunt MINN, who heard of the affair by telegraph, was a little anxious, but the Empress of RUSSIA was soon reassured. That is all; it is a frank, jolly, boyish letter, and Prince GEORGE is very British, in tone, for a Hellene. But we do not learn anything at all as to why the policeman exceeded his duties with such vehemence. He was a civic official, "instead of which," he went about hitting the CESAREWITCH on the head with a double-handed sword. Even if NICKY, having provided himself with a pea-shooter, was picking off the Japanese lieges, the policeman exceeded his duty. The old Highland axemen, "that black banditti, the City Guard," could not have been more ruthless. And we hear nothing of a pea-shooter. Boys will be boys, even when they are Royal and Imperial; but Prince GEORGE never hints that the CESAREWITCH was illustrating this law of nature. All is well that ends well, and if the Prince did NICKY a good turn, NICKY may do him another some day. To Prince GEORGE every Briton, careless of classical style, will say, "Go it," and "Well hit," and thank him for illustrating the boyishness of boys by his frank and entertaining letter.

#### A PATRIOTIC OPPOSITION.

HER MAJESTY'S Opposition have plumed themselves greatly of late as to their "moderation," and more especially in the matter of foreign policy. Whether the fact that even the present Opposition is clever enough not to run its head against a wall, the other fact that certain things happened once upon a time in a certain committee-room, and so forth, have anything to do with this, we shall not inquire. But the last instance of this moderation is worth a little comment. Some time ago Mr. SMITH, who has sometimes a little too much dove and too little serpent in him, gave the Opposition a sort of pledge that no contentious business should be introduced. These pledges are generally of doubtful policy, and in a small way what has followed illustrates this sound principle very happily. Among divers votes to be proposed in the House was one for the sum of twenty thousand pounds in aid of the survey for the proposed Victoria Nyanza Railway. Up jumps me Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, says that Mr. SMITH promised that no contentious business should be introduced; that he, after communicating with his friend the right hon. member for Midlothian, finds this to be highly contentious, and that, therefore, he objects. Mr. GOSCHEN, while justly protesting against the extension of the pledge, gave way—wisely, perhaps; for impatience to get away is not confined to one side of the House, and to have resisted this piece of sharp practice to the uttermost might have imperilled things even more important.

Of the sharp practice itself we shall say little, on the good old plan of sticking a rose in a polecat's den. It is unwise to give open pledges of this kind, but once given they ought to be observed, even when taken advantage of. The reference to Mr. GLADSTONE we cannot but think in deplorable taste. The whole country has understood—and sympathetically acquiesced in the understanding—that bereavement and ill-health have caused Mr. GLADSTONE's premature retirement from his Parliamentary duties. There is, on our side at least, none so base as not to admit the sufficiency of these causes. But the bereavement and ill-health which necessitate holidays by the seaside, and yet are consistent with strict attention to business on occasion, with sharp practice by telegraph to the detriment of the national interests, are rather questionable things. Still, Mr. GLADSTONE's ways have never been as the ways of other men in these little matters, and his party, not he, may be responsible for putting him in this awkward position. Their conduct can hardly be said to be questionable at all; they saw an opportunity of obtaining a little party advantage, of playing the Government a trick, of pleasing some members of their party who have an interested or disinterested craze against the Chartered Company system, and others who object on principle to anything that extends, strengthens, and exalts the British Empire. They saw these things, and went for them, absolutely disregarding the clearest national interests. It would not be easy for England to expend twenty thousand pounds (which is to her very much what half a crown is to a man of not the more affluent middle class) better than in this way. We lay little or no stress on the slave-trade argument, for which we care very little; but it does not lie in the mouths of the Gladstonian party to slight it, and there is no doubt of its applicableness. We only dwell on the strictly Imperial and strictly commercial interests involved. We have got in this northern "sphere" one of the greatest concessions that any nation ever bloodlessly obtained—a concession which we are disposed to think more positively valuable than those to the southward and westward. The country between Mombasa and the Upper Nile presents outlets to English enterprise, English commerce, and even to the settlement of Englishmen, which have hardly been surpassed in promise by any in the past, and cannot be matched by any that, except by force of arms, we can gain in the future. To develop this a railway is absolutely necessary, and, if anybody be pedant enough and shortsighted enough to say, "Let the British East Africa Company develop the British East Africa Company's concessions," the answer to reason is crushing, and the answer *ad hominem* more so. No sensible man can fail to see the importance of making this great sphere not a private Company's preserve, but a national possession; it is least of all possible for those who are constantly advocating the interference of the State with all sorts of interests and the expenditure of State money on all sorts of objects. Nor is it easy to conceive a more senseless inconsistency than that which will spend millions to



give British youth an education suited only to make them more ambitious of a career, and will not spend a few thousands to provide a vast opening for the careers of generations to come.

#### PIETY AND HUMOUR.

MR. WILLIAM BOOTH is about to leave this country on a visit to South Africa, Australia, and India. Should the inhabitants of any quarter where he may find himself desire to retain him, they may carry out their benevolent design without any qualms of conscience so far as Great Britain is concerned. We love our "General," of course. But we can bear to part with him when circumstances demand the sacrifice either to Boers, Australians, or Hindoos. An eminent man of letters was once accosted by a budding divine, who would not let him go. "I am monopolizing you," said the victim, with exquisite politeness, after a long period of more or less silent submission. We must not monopolize Mr. BOOTH. He was born for the universe, and obvious reasons make it impossible for him to narrow his mind. His gifts are too various, his self-importance too vast, to obtain adequate scope in this tight little island. One suggestion we venture to make, for his benefit quite as much as for our own—let him be accompanied by a large and efficient band. If he desires to impress the minds and hearts of the Africans, it is useless to go out, like Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, with a SHAKESPEARE and a MOLIÈRE ostentatiously displayed, even though there may be dozens of champagne and scores of French novels in the background. Every Salvationist should follow his or her General playing upon an instrument of music. Here we have noises enough. The mere unregenerate organ-grinder, who may possibly be a political fugitive from Ticino, is well able to bring before the most hardened of sinners the errors of a misspent life. Let us hope, let us pray, that the whole Salvation Army, rising to the height of a great opportunity, moved by a common impulse, burning with collective and contagious enthusiasm, may rally round their noble leader, and refuse to be left behind. Mashonaland is the place for them. There all will be welcome. There will be no charge for admission. The big drum will not be shut out. The penny trumpet will be let in. The by-laws of Eastbourne do not run there. Any number of processions can be held without obstructing the traffic. The One-legged Prophet can sing without interruption. Mr. ATKINSON, M.P., will not have his sense of self-importance wounded by the impertinence of mere clerks. Every one may bawl "Hallelujah!" and "Amen!" until he is hoarse and the jackals are deaf. If the Army were to meet a Portuguese force, they could quell the Lusitanian spirit by the exhibition of weapons which were not of this world. Last, but by no means least, they might convert Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

Mr. BOOTH's farewell was characteristic. It was full of the humility, the piety, the subtle and delicate humour which distinguish everything he says. "If we cannot get 'people's souls,'" exclaimed this holy man, "let us get their 'pence.'" The principle is familiar. The expression is unusually frank. Mr. BOOTH further proposed to have "a 'drink week.'" He would not, he said, call it a temperance week, because people might say, "As it was in the beginning, so it is now." We cannot follow Mr. BOOTH's reasoning. But, on the whole, we think he is right not to call it a temperance week. There is temperance in language and lemonade as well as in whisky and gin. Nor are even these modest quenchers always disdained by the fatigued and thirsty Salvationist. Mr. BOOTH is anxious that "every parson" should fast for twenty-four hours. We presume that only the clergy of the Established Church are intended, and that no sacrilegious interference is contemplated with the Nonconformist muffin. The suggestion of clerical abstinence was received at Exeter Hall with laughter, being apparently among those "occasional flashes" of dry humour which, according to a friendly reporter, "were highly relished by the enthusiastic audience." Here is another flash:—"Let the editors be bombarded—(laughter)—and waited upon by deputations; and, if they could be assured that they would not suffer in their circulation, I believe the editors would be willing to assist the Army." This satiric touch seems to have awakened great hilarity. We trust that when Mr. BOOTH arrives at Capetown he will not suffer in his circulation, like the imaginary editor identified with his wares. Pos-

sibly the bracing air of the colony may even inspire him with sense and grammar. Mr. BOOTH, who talks history very like a Salvationist, compares the Mayor of Eastbourne with Judge JEFFRIES. This is ungrateful of Mr. BOOTH, as well as inaccurate. Sir GEORGE JEFFRIES was not in the habit, so far as we know, of kneeling down and praying with schismatics or their daughters. This pious act of the worthy Mayor appears to have fluttered the boothcots not a little. Miss BOOTH was no doubt prepared for such persecution as Salvationists have to fear under the Summary Jurisdiction Act. But to be supplicated out of countenance was too much. "I shall pray for your Grace," said Bishop PHILLPOTTS to Archbishop HOWLEY. "Anything but that, 'my Lord—anything but that,'" was the somewhat unexpected response.

#### ROYALISTS AND CLERICALS.

THE long speech which the Count d'HAUSSONVILLE delivered last Sunday at Toulouse is but melancholy reading. M. d'HAUSSONVILLE is the recognized representative of the Count of PARIS, and speaks in his name on all important questions of policy which concern the Royalist party—or that part of it at least which consists of the Orleanists and those Legitimists who do not belong to the severely orthodox minority nicknamed *Les Blancs d'Espagne*. On Sunday he had to define the position of his party on a very important question indeed—on the attitude it is to adopt towards the bishops who have become openly Republican, and those others who, without expressly adhering to the present Government, have begun to detach themselves from the Royalists. The party cannot afford to lose the support of the clergy, and it is natural that it should endeavour to maintain the old friendship. On the other hand, many of the clergy, including some of the best known men of the Gallican Church, have come to the conclusion that its interests will no longer be served by co-operation with a party which has been beaten by all opponents for more than forty years, and is now on its own showing without hope of attaining power not only immediately, but even for a long time. Cardinal LAVIGERIE, who is a missionary bishop chiefly interested in obtaining the help of the Government's agents abroad, has told the Royalists, almost cynically, that they are no longer of any use. Mgr. FAVA, the Bishop of Grenoble, has confessed his conversion to Republicanism with a certain ostentation. Other Churchmen, with the Archbishop of PARIS at their head, are less brutal—using the word in one French sense—but they are endeavouring to form a "Union Catholique" which is to be independent of all parties, and to work for the Church only. It is not a rash supposition that these Churchmen would be very capable of shaking off the Royalists—less peremptorily, perhaps, than Mgr. FAVA, but with sufficient emphasis—if they were offered tolerable terms by the Republic. Their decision to act by themselves seems to prove that they cherish the hope that, by showing themselves at once active and placable, they may induce the Republicans to come to an understanding with them.

M. d'HAUSSONVILLE reviewed these Clerical movements in a speech which we have called melancholy because, in spite of a certain assumption of spirit, it is so exceedingly hopeless. Substantially what he had to say was, that the Church and the Royalists can live neither with nor without one another. They cannot act heartily together because Frenchmen choose to be frightened by a chimera which they call Clerical domination. The Count reminded the Church of the prejudices against which Conservative candidates have to contend. They are liable to be called Clerical, and the great majority of Frenchmen, though they are conservative enough when property is in question, have an antipathy, which may be irrational, but is certainly strong, against what they call Clericalism, by which they really mean every effort of the Church to be more than purely passive and formal. If, then, he argued, the Church openly patronizes our candidates, their position will be worse than before. Therefore, although we are the friends of the Church and profess ourselves on all proper occasions her dutiful sons, we must beg the clergy to remember that their too open assistance will only cumber us when we are about the work of canvassing for votes. It would seem that in this case the Royalists might as well dispense with the help of the Church altogether. But M. d'HAUSSONVILLE is by no means prepared to do that, as he shows very clearly by the infinite pains he takes to explain to the bishops that they cannot

become Republicans. The Republic is bound by *les fatalités de son passé* (this is just one of those phrases no Frenchman can resist), which said fatalities bind it to persecute as it has persecuted. Therefore it will reject the bishops, and so they must continue to be Royalists in their own interest, taking care the while to let their Royalism be very discreet. Of course this means that the Church must resign herself to petty persecution, alternating with contemptuous indifference, which lasts as long as she is content to live in silence under the orders of the enemies of her principles and her creed. Effective help she must not expect from the Royalists, because they cannot win the political fight without the aid of those who fear "Clerical domination," not more than the devil in whom they do not believe, but a great deal more than they fear the Radicals. If she endeavours to make tolerable terms with the powers that be, she must expect to find the Royalists, good sons of the Church as they are, joining in the clamour about Clerical domination. Is there anywhere in Europe a more hopeless, and one almost adds a more contemptible, embroglio than this? A Church to which the majority is hostile, and of which the minority is ashamed, in act, though not in word, and a party of friends of the Church which dare not avow her cause and yet cannot do without her; in both Church and party an absolute inability to take a definite line, and abide by the consequences. Nothing but defeat can come to politicians who cannot shake themselves free from the wretched compromises which are forced on those who would serve two masters. The Count d'HAUSSONVILLE is an honourable man, and yet he appears to be utterly unable to see that he degrades his own cause by conducting the fight with an eye all the while to the expectations of those who are, as he knows, at heart his enemies, but may, perhaps, be won to help him if he conceals his principles. In this, to be sure, he is only too completely a type of the Orleanist politicians who have ruined the Royalist cause in France.

#### THE PRINCE OF NAPLES.

THE ethics of Christianity require us, nothing loth, to be sorry for Gladstonians, non-interventionists, and enemies of the greatness of the British Empire generally. They have been sorely tried of late. Unfeeling emperors and kings have lunched on board English vessels and given vent to the most horribly "Jingo" sentiments. Another EMPEROR has come in his proper person to London, and the fervent exhortations in the streets to apply summonsable language to him, and in the columns of the newspapers to inform him very clearly that Great Britain will be drowned, and that no Triple Alliance shall save her, have been equally of none effect. These tyrannies are no sooner overpast than there appears another trial in the shape of the Prince of NAPLES. *Que faire?* The British Radical, when he gets above the social calibre of Mr. JOHN BURNS and the intellectual calibre of Mr. CUNINGHAME GRAHAM, seems, to do him justice, rather loth to say rude things to a very young man, the son of a strictly constitutional KING and of the most personally popular and attractive QUEEN in Europe. He is, moreover (such of him as has the slightest knowledge of even recent history), hampered by the fact that the kingdom which this young man represents was a pet creature of English Liberals; that England strained both moral and international equity to countenance its creation, and that it came into the world with the blessing of Mr. GLADSTONE (*extra quam nulla, intra quam omnis, salus*) on it. And yet there is the horrid consciousness that, not officially, not personally, but in a roundabout, indirect, yet distinct way, VICTOR EMMANUEL, Prince of NAPLES, represents the hideous doctrine that a nation should make friends with the people who are its enemies, and not with those who are its enemies; that he represents also the abominable monarchical principle; that he is not, like the CZAR, purified by having filibustered on the wicked Turk or bullied the bold Bulgarian; that he is a black beast to Mr. LABOUCHERE, a stone of stumbling to those who love that august birth of time the French Republic. It must be very annoying.

The rest of us may regard this annoyance with amusement or pity, as we are disposed, but there is no reason why we should not welcome this Prince pretty warmly. Some of us were not over-fond of the way in which the kingdom to which he is heir was put together. But the

House of SAVOY has many excuses and many attractions. It is one of the oldest reigning Houses in Europe, and has held its own, and gained what was not its own, with a singular and almost unparalleled mixture of personal chivalry and political shiftiness and predacity. One might almost say that the two famous mottos of the rival claimants to the lairdship of Ellangowan—"My Right makes my Might" and "He who takes it makes it"—were combined in the practice and fate of the undaunted family who for a thousand years have been always winning, whosoever might lose. They have won because they have never hesitated to strike, though they might sometimes lie low till the occasion came for striking with advantage. They have made their hands keep their head, or their head their hands, as the case might be, and of such is the kingdom of earth, if not of Heaven. As for the kingdom of Italy which has been won by these means, a good deal of nonsense is commonly talked about its domestic burdens. It pleased the Italians to make one realm of what never had been one since the foundation of the world, inasmuch as even in Roman times there was no real political unity in it. All whistles must be paid for, and the payment is provided in the shape of the sacrifices which are now being gone through to make Italy really one, in the only possible way, by giving her a status among the Great Powers of the world, a foreign policy, a stake in distant countries, and so forth. Those who have directed this policy hitherto have, on the whole, directed it wisely, and have recognized the right persons and Powers to be friends with. Of these England is, to the everlasting gnashing of teeth of Mr. LABOUCHERE, one; and may both countries have no worse fortune.

#### THE LABOURER AND HIS HIRE.

IT was known, or at any rate something more than surmised, that the Irish votes would, generally speaking, be allowed to pass this year with unusually little opposition through Committee of Supply; but it can hardly have been expected anywhere that the attempt to cut down the salary of the CHIEF SECRETARY to the Lord Lieutenant would be of so feeble and half-hearted a description. Question proposed That the most industrious and brilliantly successful of modern administrative labourers is unworthy of his hire, and only fifty-six members, English and Irish, prepared to vote the affirmative. "Fancy that!" as an Ibsenian hero exclaims on much slighter provocation. It is true that only ninety-six members voted the labourer worthy of his hire; but that is easily enough explained by the fact that his services are acknowledged to stand in no need, by this time, of acclamatory recognition, and that any majority, however modest, would avail to secure them their official remuneration. The debate, however, was even more significant than the division-list. Never, surely, was any proposition so inspiring to a Nationalist as that the CHIEF SECRETARY should be mulcted in 1,000*l.* of his salary so languidly discussed. It was moved, to begin with, by, of all possible or conceivable movers, Mr. WEBB—not by Mr. HEALY, or Mr. SEXTON, or Dr. TANNER, or Mr. SWIFT MCNEILL, or even Mr. JEREMIAH JORDAN, whose lamentations were only heard at a later period of the debate—but by Mr. WEBB. And the general tone of Mr. WEBB's speech may be best judged from its peroration, in which he declared, in a strain which does not exactly fire the blood, that, "though the division in the Nationalist ranks might lose them one or two seats, or events in one or two localities might tell in favour of the Government, he did not on the whole believe that the general election would show any real change in the sentiments of the country"; and, further, that though no one could rejoice more at the diminution of crime than did the Irish members, "yet he did not think that that diminution was due to the policy of the right hon. gentleman." But why cut down his salary because crime has diminished independently of his policy? And, above all, why recommend so extreme a course in language of such inappropriate moderation? Mr. WEBB ends where Mr. CHUCKS began, and asks at the conclusion of the speech to be "allowed to observe, in the most delicate way in the world," that he considers Mr. BALFOUR's administration a failure.

Nor were Mr. WEBB's successors in the debate very much more uninspiring than himself. The proceedings of the evening were for a brief space enlivened by the recital of the wrongs of Mr. JEREMIAH JORDAN, and by the first appearance of a new jester in the person of Mr. ATKINSON,



who has hitherto been known only for contributions of a wholly different character to Parliamentary debate; but after Mr. ATKINSON had sat down and had been lightly pricked by that rapier of Mr. TIMOTHY HEALY's which is so often mistaken by the superficial observer for the butt end of a marlinspike, the talk dragged on in much the same spiritless fashion. Mr. HEALY himself was never in worse fettle for his task, or more ready to throw it up at the start. He even began by saying that he "did not deny that after five years of liberal education the present CHIEF SECRETARY had greatly improved, and that he was a very different man indeed from the official who began his apprenticeship"—not to Irish administration, however—"in 1885." This from Mr. HEALY, who has throughout the whole of the five years in question done nothing but lament the "backwardness" of the CHIEF SECRETARY, and the unteachable character of his mind! It is, indeed, singular that Mr. BALFOUR's "liberal education" under Mr. HEALY, and the rest of the tutorial staff to which he belongs, should in their opinion have made no progress whatever during four-fifths of the period referred to, and should then have made such immense strides in the last year. Still more remarkable is it that the improvement should have taken place since the date of that unfortunate quarrel between the Head-master and his assistants, which for the last six months has led to a serious interruption—we may almost say to the practical discontinuance—of the school course. However, Mr. HEALY did his best to correct the effect of the maladroit and damaging admission with which he commenced his speech by going on to hint that the improvement of the CHIEF SECRETARY was more apparent than real. He denied that, although Mr. BALFOUR had been able to withdraw a large portion of Ireland from the jurisdiction of the Crimes Act, any change had really taken place in his administration. Mr. HEALY asserted, "as matter of law, that there was no difference now in the quality and amount of liberty allowed to the people of Ireland as compared with the condition of things that existed twelve months or two years ago." As regards the "amount of liberty" Mr. HEALY may be right. Whether a footpad compels a law-abiding citizen, by the display of a revolver, to hand over his watch and purse, or the law-abiding citizen, by the same means, compels the footpad to walk before him till they meet a policeman, there is the same "amount of liberty" going in either case; only it is differently distributed. And so with boycotters and boycotted in Ireland. But we should hardly have said that the "quality" of the liberty enjoyed by Ireland was quite the same now as it was twelve months or two years ago, and we fail to see that Mr. HEALY has made that out by showing that so long as the Crimes Act exists the districts which have recently been exempted from its operation may be again "proclaimed." Freedom from a particular kind of restraint does not seem to have much to do with the question of the particular measures by which that restraint is imposed or removed. Mr. BALFOUR's critic was then unlucky enough to ask why, if crime had decreased, the Executive had not reduced the number of their resident magistrates, which gave the CHIEF SECRETARY an opportunity of pointing out that that was exactly what they had done, the number of resident magistrates—which reached its maximum under Lord SPENCER's administration in 1884—having been now diminished to its normal amount. As to the evicted tenants of the CLANNICARDE and other estates, it was necessary, we suppose, to parade them on this occasion; but the muster was a very poor one, and Mr. HEALY seemed glad when it was over, and he could get to the end of his speech, where he again found himself blessing Mr. BALFOUR unawares, pronouncing him a "much wiser man" and a "somewhat altered man," and only recovering himself sufficiently to conclude by challenging the CHIEF SECRETARY to show that he had weaned the Irish people from the principles of nationality.

The character of Mr. BALFOUR's reply was naturally affected by the extraordinary weakness of the attack. It is indeed difficult to say how a Minister should answer an opponent who virtually admits the success of his administration to the full, and whose only complaint against him is that he has not succeeded in inducing the people whom he has governed to abandon their abstract preference—or alleged preference—of one form of political institutions to another. It is no part of the business of an administrator as such to do anything of the kind. His business, in the first place, is to compel them to obey the laws in force

under the particular set of institutions which happen to be in possession; and, this done, his next business is to prove to them, if possible, that these institutions are at least as favourable to the promotion of their material well-being as any which could be substituted for them. Mr. BALFOUR, as we know, has been able to prove considerably more than this, and the debate of the following night, on which we comment elsewhere, afforded him the opportunity of setting forth the process of proof in full detail. But, in answer to Mr. HEALY, on the present occasion he contented himself with saying that, whether he had succeeded or not in altering the opinion of any man in Ireland with regard to the controversies which had raged, and no doubt still raged, as to the government of the country by an Imperial Parliament, he had at all events proved that there were advantages to be derived from the government of Ireland by such a Parliament—"advantages which any impartial person would admit could not be derived in the same degree or in the same measure from a Parliament sitting in College Green, with the resources, and those resources alone, which a Parliament sitting in College Green would have." And the answer is a more than sufficient one. It would be sufficient even if there were reason to believe that the alleged prepossessions of the Irish people in favour of self-government were of natural growth instead of artificial manufacture, and as obviously an enduring passion as they are, presumably, a transient caprice. But in the actual state of the case, and bearing in mind that the cry for Home Rule never acquired the slightest popularity till Irish agitators succeeded in starting that agrarian movement the violence of which Mr. BALFOUR's firm administration has subdued, and the main demands of which have been satisfied, legitimately or illegitimately, by legislation, the above-quoted statement of the CHIEF SECRETARY is, as we have described it, a more than sufficient answer to the complaints which called it forth.

#### THE R. N. A. V.

LORD GEORGE HAMILTON's answer to the deputation which came to him to represent the sad case of the Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers has put the decision of the Admiralty beyond dispute. The little corps is to be abolished; for, in spite of Lord GEORGE's sympathetic language, this is what it amounts to. We are sorry for it, and we may add that we cannot gather, either from what the FIRST LORD said on Tuesday or from the Report of the Committee on which he acts, that there is any substantial reason for the measure. The Committee talked about EDWARD the Confessor, and the necessity of having only trained sailors on board ship—not wise talk. On Tuesday Lord GEORGE said much the same thing, and he added the expression of a wish that the changes he is about to introduce may lead to the formation of a Volunteer force which will be a substantial addition to the strength of our naval defences. It is a wish in which most will join; and yet there are reasons for doubting whether the Admiralty is going the right way to work to carry out its excellent intention. To get rid of something which you have is not always a good preliminary to the attainment of something else you would like to have. When the War Office decided to destroy six effective Horse Artillery batteries, in order to facilitate the formation of an army transport corps, we argued that it was parting with something which it would be very difficult to replace for the sake of something not yet in existence, and that the exchange was a bad one. The R. N. A. V. is not so substantial a reality as the Horse Artillery; but it is something, and we have never heard what harm it does. To override it will hardly encourage others to become Volunteers on any "plane of action." The thing is to be done, however, and we can only hope that the intention to supply something better will be carried out. Some passages in Lord GEORGE's speech to the deputation have our entire approval. He said that neither "material nor personnel should be tolerated which will not stand the test of war"; and he also remarked that "war is a stern reality." This is good, and it will be better if Lord GEORGE is speaking the opinion of the Cabinet. Are we to understand that he speaks the mind of his colleague of the War Office, and that the whole body of Volunteers are to be taken in hand, and not left alone till their material and personnel will stand the test of the stern realities of war?

## THE LABOURER AND HIS WORK.

THERE can be no one with any feeling for dramatic irony but must rejoice that the vote for the "CHIEF SECRETARY to the Lord Lieutenant and subordinate departments" had precedence in Committee of Supply of the vote "to complete the sum of 160,000*l.* for the relief of distress in Ireland." It is a source of humorous pleasure to think of the labourer being called upon to defend the proposition that he is worthy of his by no means immoderate hire before he has had an opportunity of explaining the eminently wise and provident method in which he set about his work, and the really splendid results which he has achieved by it. There is something exquisitely comic in a comparison between the worker and his critics—especially when the latter have had, and availed themselves of, the right to begin—in a reflection upon the character and records of men like Mr. HEALY and Mr. FLYNN, Mr. JORDAN, and the rest of them, upon the good store of years which one of them, at any rate, has accumulated in Parliament, and of the many millions of words which they have uttered in the aggregate within the walls of the House of Commons and elsewhere on Irish affairs; and in a mental calculation of the amount of good which men, years, and words taken together have done to the people of Ireland, as compared with what that people have obtained from six months of the silent labour of a single English Minister.

Mr. BALFOUR's story of the dispositions made by him for the relief of distress in Ireland during last winter and the spring of the present year was simply and modestly told; but the facts shine out for themselves, and no amount of reserve in the statement of them can conceal their lustre. The CHIEF SECRETARY had to confess that when the Irish Executive set about their work of preparation for the threatened scarcity they had before them very little experience to guide them, and that such as they had was calculated less to show them what to do than what to avoid. All that they had to refer to, by way of warning only, and not of example, was the melancholy history of the distress of 1880 and the measures adopted for its relief. No one could have wished that history to repeat itself. Both political parties are jointly responsible for it; and, though both alike are entitled to plead that they acted in good faith, and that they did not foresee the grave mischiefs which would arise from the course which they adopted, neither would now deny the gravity of the blunder. The two Governments which successively held power in 1880 while the relief was in progress concurred in proceeding mainly by the method of loans; and the result was disastrous, not, indeed, to the Irish people—except in so far as they were demoralized by the extensive misapplication of the money—but to the English exchequer. The expenditure incurred amounted to not less than 1,494,740*l.* for baronial works, in addition to seed loans. These loans were made in the case of the works at the low rate of 1 per cent. interest, and in the case of the seed at no interest at all. The result of this was, as Mr. BALFOUR said, not only that an enormous charge was ultimately imposed upon the Exchequer, but that "no security was taken that these vast sums would go into the pockets of those for whom they were intended"; and, as a matter of fact, we know from subsequent revelations that, if some of the money did go into these particular pockets, a great deal too much of it went elsewhere. In short, the experiences of eleven years ago were such as fully to convince Mr. BALFOUR that, if the Government hoped to cope successfully, yet providently, with the distress, they would have to take the whole management and responsibility on their own shoulders. And, considering how serious were the practical consequences of this decision; considering that it involved nothing less than the organization at very short notice of a gigantic new department of Government, not supplied, like ordinary departments, with a regular working staff and an established tradition of procedure—it is greatly to the credit of the Government that they resolved with such courageous promptitude upon their true course, as it is even more, of course, to Mr. BALFOUR's credit that he applied himself with such energy and forethought to the task of "improvising the machinery" by which that policy had to be carried out. It was, as we calculate, at about the time when he must have been the most busily occupied in maturing his plans on this behalf that it pleased certain of the Parnellites, as they were not then ashamed to call themselves, to comment impertinently on the CHIEF SECRETARY'S

way of spending his supposed "holiday," and that Mr. MORLEY allowed himself, much to the regret of his well-wishers, to make himself the respectable mouthpiece of their complaints.

Even he, it is to be supposed, must now be more or less "sorry that he spoke." He would certainly be too candid to deny that the CHIEF SECRETARY's holiday was well employed. As a matter of fact, Mr. BALFOUR's dispositions were admirable, and their excellence was largely due to the fact that the principles on which they were based were thoroughly sound. He kept clear of the error into which a weaker man would have almost certainly fallen—that, namely, of attempting to reconcile a policy which clearly assumed a temporary suspension of the laws of political economy with a sort of prudish deference to economical considerations. Thus, for instance, in the matter of the relief works; although it was evidently impossible for the Government to take the business of railway construction into their own hands, yet it would in all probability have defeated their benevolent ends altogether to have allowed the railway contractor as free a hand as, in ordinary circumstances, they would naturally have given him. They bound him, for example, to employ local labour as far as possible; and, further, whereas there are certain methods of railway construction which are not the most economical from the contractor's point of view, but which necessitate the employment of a much larger number of persons than the more economical method would have done, the Government felt it right to stipulate for the adoption of the former mode of doing the work—they themselves, of course, undertaking to bear the extra cost. There could, perhaps, be no better illustration than this of the difference between the administration of a wise man and that of a pedant. Another instance of the same spirit is to be noted in the arrangement made by the Government to prevent the relief-work interfering with the ordinary labour of cultivation, and thus causing the remedies of the distress to perpetuate the evil. On the arrival of the period when the planting of potatoes should begin, Mr. BALFOUR did not content himself with mere attempts to induce his labourers to return to their duties as cultivators. He did not give them any choice in the matter, but simply prohibited them from labour at the relief works for more than six hours in the day, and while that gives leisure to the head of a family, no other member of such a family was allowed to work on these relief works in his place, so that no one was tempted to shirk or scamp the labour which was necessary for the cultivation of the holdings. It is not to be wondered at that arrangements over which good sense has so uniformly presided have turned out so admirably successful. The episode which Mr. BALFOUR recounted the other night has not, as he said, been discreditable to any person concerned, for the peasants have repaid their loans with most honourable regularity. But it is something more than creditable to himself and to the Government. It is a brilliant chapter in the administration of Ireland.

## CAPTAIN SHAW AND THE COUNTY COUNCIL.

THE proceedings of the London County Council with regard to the resignation of Captain SHAW ought to curb the zeal of honest yet ignorant believers in the doctrine of "popular control." In practice that doctrine is nothing but a disorganizing influence. Whether it be the Fire Brigade or the Police, the first tentative operation of popular control results in the sapping of efficiency and stability. The theory of true representation by popular vote is as fallacious as the theory of the wisdom of many counsellors. The London County Council is a body formed by popular election. But in the matter of Captain SHAW's resignation it has signally failed to represent London. From the very first the Council has never appeared to realize, as the public all along has realized, the very serious import of Captain SHAW's action. At length, by a resolution amended by Mr. FARDELL, the Council expresses great regret at Captain SHAW's resignation, and trusts that it may be withdrawn. It is a pity that this tardy resolution should lack the grace of unanimity. But the division, or that there should be any "division" at all, is but another proof that the Council does not represent the county of London. The opposition to Mr. FARDELL's amendment is in itself, probably, a stronger proof that Captain SHAW's resignation is connected with



certain experiments in popular control on the part of the Fire Brigade Committee than any innuendoes or assertions of individual Councilmen at the meeting on Tuesday. For it is hard to account otherwise for a division on such a resolution, unless, indeed, pure "cussedness" or the insolence of office must be held responsible. Perhaps, as Sir AUGUSTUS HARRIS surmised, there are persons, members of the County Council, who regard ability as a crime, and are resentful of successful administration. Be this as it may, Sir A. HARRIS stated, on the best authority, that Captain SHAW had decided that he could not do his duty under present conditions, although in every way as capable as he was when he first undertook his labours. The Chairman of the Fire Brigade Committee, however, stoutly maintained that nothing but cordial relations had existed between the head of the Fire Brigade and the Committee. The previous Chairman of the Committee repeated this assurance, though it is worth noting that he admitted "things were managed differently" under the rule of the Metropolitan Board of Works. Evidently things were very different, and perhaps the knowledge of the difference inspired Mr. FARDELL's appropriate speech and amendment. It were a pleasant stroke of destiny that the advocates of "popular control" may yet be reduced to regret the rule of the bad old Board.

Altogether, the mystery of Captain SHAW's resignation is, despite apparent contradictions of speakers, by no means too dense for solution. "The reason had not been made public," we are told. But the report of the Council's proceedings on Tuesday renders this positive statement somewhat superfluous. The whole course of the discussion affords a sure index to the truth. Things are differently managed now. And it is perfectly clear that the County Council, having at last realized partially the gravity of the situation, was determined to appear in the best light possible. But this politic resolve did not save the Council from a discreditable scene, which arose from Mr. THORNTON's ominous intervention, and closed the debate. Something like Babel set in when Mr. THORNTON preferred a wish to enlighten the meeting. But the Council very prudently discouraged Mr. THORNTON. There was really no need for enlightenment. Silenced for a space, he returned to the fray. Eight times on a former occasion, and four times now, had he attempted to catch the Chairman's eye. Twelve times in two meetings had he been unsuccessful, which is not a bad average in failures. It is not wonderful that his own eye should now be gloomed by despair. Henceforward he would give over such agilities, and make a scene. He had caused one scene, and could, and would, cause many. Of course these vapourings of Mr. THORNTON were ruled irrelevant; yet is there a fine significance in the spectacle of the eager Councilman and the unwilling Council. We must decline to believe that the County Council is not responsible for the resignation of Captain SHAW. It is a ridiculous comment on this statement that the relations between the Fire Brigade Committee and the chief of the Fire Brigade have always been most courteous, that a member of the Committee should have opposed the Council's resolution in terms of the grossest discourtesy. We trust that Captain SHAW will withdraw his resignation. But it cannot be expected that he should do so without some guarantee that he shall be as free in the future from the popular control of Committees as he was in the past, when "things were managed differently."

#### SIR E. SULLIVAN ON "OUR PLEASURE HORSES."

ASSUREDLY, if Sir Edward Sullivan is not one of the unhappiest of mortals, it can only be because his black pessimism is an affectation, and he is really laughing in his sleeve while he floods the pages of the *Morning Post* with his dismal denunciations and forebodings. So far however as the public can judge, this gloomy baronet passes a miserable existence, in despair of all things, and especially of things English; to him everything is for the worst in the worst of all possible worlds, and rather worse in England than anywhere else. No one will tell him of any good thing, or if they do, he refuses to believe it—*Cassandra ille Cassandra*—compared with whom Jeremiah stands forth in bold relief as a light-hearted, not to say sanguine, prophet.

Sir Edward's latest misery, the last wrench of that mental rack on which he lies quivering, is our national treatment of our horses, and with groanings which can find relief only by utterance in print, he gives vent to an exceeding bitter cry over our folly and inhumanity in our dealings with the noble animal.

Now there is no doubt that our conduct in this respect *does* leave a good deal to be desired, and it must equally be admitted that Sir Edward, whose stable practice has been notoriously in accordance with his published precepts, is a preacher well qualified to advise and admonish us; and were it not for his irrepressible habit of exaggerated invective and condemnation, he might have read us a really useful and practical sermon which would have gone home, instead of missing his mark, as he almost surely has done, by bringing a wildly railing accusation of reckless cruelty, or indifference to cruelty, against British horse-owners and their servants.

It is unnecessary here to deal with Sir Edward's broad impeachment of our boys' humanity. Children are naturally cruel in all countries, and if the Areiopagus condemned a boy to death for picking out the eyes of a quail—a sentence which Sir Edward seems heartily to approve—we can only remark that the exarchons must have dealt out sterner justice to the young than to those of mature age; for the murder trials were conducted so as to leave considerable possibility of escape to the guilty, and it is not even certain that such an offence as is here referred to would have come within the cognizance of that tribunal. Moreover, the Athenians were not celebrated for tender-heartedness. But as boys, at any rate in these days, are seldom permitted to work their wicked will upon horses, which are essentially the theme of the letter in the *Morning Post* of July 15th, it will be more germane to the purpose to examine some of the specific charges against Englishmen on this point. Here is a specimen:—"Without doubt the horse is the most noble of domestic animals; for courage, endurance, patience, temper, he has no equal; and yet we treat him most ignobly. When do you ever hear words of kindness or encouragement addressed to a horse? Never! When do you hear the reverse? Always!" Be it remembered that this statement is made quite gravely and with apparent conviction of its truth, yet it is hardly possible that Sir Edward can be ignorant of the fact that there are very many stables where horses are treated like spoiled children, and never hear a cross word. What about his own establishment, for instance? Does he mean to tell us that even there gentle and kind language is unknown? Still more remarkable is the very next sentence:—"Whenever you see a disagreement between a horse and a man, whether in the hunting-field, on the road, in the Row, in the saddle, or in harness, you may always bet 10 to 1—100 to 1—the horse is right and the man wrong—always! always! always!" This is simple hysteria. Were it possible to find an infallible umpire to decide such wagers, we should be delighted to do business with Sir Edward at the lowest price here offered. He would soon learn that the habitual laying of long odds on matters wherein horseflesh is concerned is by no means the remunerative occupation he at present imagines it to be. After all this, it is a certain amount of relief to be told that there are a few good coachmen in London, men with hands, patience, temper, and common sense (has Sir Edward ever watched the busmen; there are more than a few of them, and they are perhaps the best drivers in the world?), though we are forced to agree that "it is undeniable that you see scores of men on the coachbox who ought to be on the treadmill" (you might also see them in the pulpit). But can he be serious when he says, "I have seen many owners cruelly ill-treat their own horses; but I have never once seen an owner interfere with a servant for doing so?" or rather does he seriously mean to tell us that he has often seen with his own eyes servants with impunity maltreating horses in the presence of their owners? Most people will think that he rather overstates his case when he says that the majority of owners care nothing about those fine animals beyond the swagger of possessing them; but over-statement is a pitfall which Sir Edward cannot avoid. He is so fond of the horse, has his interest so much at heart that instead of being

To his faults a little blind,  
And to his virtues ever kind,

he attributes all the virtues to the beast, all the faults to the rider or driver, and spoils the case by the obvious unfairness of his advocacy. For instance—it is often too true that "It is not only when the horse commits a fault [this is the only line where such possibility is admitted] that the driver strikes him, but always when he commits a fault himself." But it is not right or nearly right to say that, if a horse shies or stumbles, the rider abuses or punishes him because he (the rider) is in a funk, and so revenges himself on the horse for his own cowardice. Irritating and even dangerous in a crowd as is the habit of shying, and though it is often merely a too fresh horse's excuse for playing the fool, we venture to say that the majority of horsemen have sufficient self-restraint to forbear from retributive measures, well knowing that the evil would be thereby aggravated; and as for stumbling, let any one try the experiment of passing it over unheeded for a time or two—he will probably find to his cost that

if a horse is allowed to stumble unrebuked, he will go catching his toe from sheer stupidity till he tumbles head over heels; whereas an admonition with whip, spur, or bit in the first instance would have averted the catastrophe.

We are not concerned to undertake the defence of the hansom-cabdrivers; but they are not so black as they are painted by Sir Edward Sullivan and his anonymous correspondent, who, "sitting in his drawing-room, has constantly to stuff his fingers in his ears to avoid the pain caused by hearing the lash so long as the vehicle is in earshot." Nor is it within our experience that "many of them seem to take a positive delight in lashing their horses, often without any reason but wanton cruelty." Things have greatly improved in this respect of late years; the cabs are better, the horses of a superior class, and the drivers less given to the use of the thong than of yore; against which latter offence, if only for the sake of his own eyes, the fare is very apt to protest. Next comes the turn of the riders in Rotten Row to taste that lash which Sir Edward so unsparingly administers to his fellow-creatures, while deploring its application to animals. Certainly they are not all brilliant horsemen, these "sportsmen who go out for a stroll, a trot, a canter, or a gossip," but they are for the most part innocent of cruelty either in act or intention. It is doubtful too if the long sharp spurs wherewith they are said to "decorate their heels as if they were going to fight for their lives in a cockpit" are quite such formidable weapons as they appear to be. Has Sir Edward ever satisfied himself that the sharp rowels are really there? It is by no means conducive to the safety of a man, not serenely saddle-fast, to wear the veritable prickers in the Park, and he is usually quite aware of the fact. About eight hunting men out of ten nowadays use dumb spurs, and the proportion is likely to be much the same amongst Park riders. The set-off to the boot is just as good, and the heel thus armed, "insidiously applied," equally efficacious in "provoking the coper which they seem to chide." Nobody will dispute Sir Edward's dogma that a groom should never be allowed to put on spurs under any circumstances whatever.

The bearing-rein controversy is an old one, and has not been altogether without good result; fewer horses are now distressingly borne up than was formerly the case, and it is from Sir Edward Sullivan, an expert on all that appertains to horse-gear, that we should expect calm reasonable advice on the subject, instead of a furious diatribe which gives us to understand that use is here synonymous with abuse, and should be made punishable by law. Yet he, and every one else who has thought about the matter, must be aware that if high-couraged, highly-bred, highly-fed horses are to be driven in the streets of London, proper precautions must be taken against running away, even if such precautions verge on severity. If a horse that means bolting once fairly gets his head down, nothing will stop him, and this, the greatest of dangers, can be absolutely averted by a moderately slack bearing-rein, which leaving all reasonable play to head and neck, puts a sharp veto upon boring. To immense ports, or, indeed, to any ports which are large enough to be effective, we object as heartily as can Sir Edward; but you must have power somewhere, and a bit ten or twelve inches long in the cheek is not necessarily cruel. "God makes the mouths, the devil makes the hands," says Sir Edward—perhaps he knows. Meanwhile, it is left to us to meet the defects of workmanship with such poor methods as human ingenuity may suggest.

Nevertheless, let our coachmen and grooms take heart of grace and be comforted; for even if they are the clumsy cruel savages described in the letter under review, we find, somewhat to our astonishment, that they are not to be blamed after all. Here is the verdict of acquittal:—"I do not blame them, poor creatures; for the most part they are ignorant and know not what they do. I blame their masters, who very often know what they do, and I blame the filthy accursed liquor laws of this uncivilized country that encourage the sale of drink in order to create revenue." So it is the drink that does it after all! Yet, supposing any future Government were arbitrarily to interfere with the liquor traffic, what torrents of ink would Sir Edward shed (this magnificent declamation notwithstanding) to prove to his own unbounded satisfaction that, of all the impossibly narrow-minded fanatics that ever caused men to scoff and angels to weep, we English folk are far and away the most infatuated! But, when all is said and done, people will be sorry when these chapters of lamentation no longer pour from Sir Edward's pen; though he looks at the world through a crape mask, he means well, and his thoughts are kindly if his words are harsh.

#### THE DRAMA IN PEKING.

MAN, being reasonable, must be amused. The toils and anxieties of life are always with us; and, *pace* Sir George Cornwall Lewis, it is necessary that we should add to these the

leaven of recreation, to prevent the whole mass from becoming stale, flat, and unprofitable. But, though this craving for pastime is universal, it surpasses the wit of man to add to the sum of those allurements to which, by varying routes, all mankind have arrived. The same instincts which guide Englishmen in the choice of their amusements guide also Asiatics and Russians, North American Indians and Australians. Pre-eminent among these are the pleasures of imitation, which, in one shape or another, take the form of theatrical entertainments, and afford equal delight to the populaces of London and Peking, of Winnipeg and Dampier Land.

Being a true representation of the national life, the drama of all countries is an interesting study, since it reflects the ideas of the people on religious and social subjects in a way which no other branch of literature can possibly do. It is this which gives an especial interest to an unpublished collection of Pekingese dramas which has lately been purchased by the Trustees of the British Museum, and which is still in the undeveloped stage of acting copies. These plays place before us the topics, and their treatment, which delight the Pekingese, and enable us to compare the pieces which draw down the applause of the Les and Changs of the Chinese capital with those which claim the plaudits of the people of London and Paris. Many of them contain those touches of nature which make the whole world kin, and might *mutatis mutandis* be acted with equal approval in the Strand or on the Boulevard as in the Street of Benevolence at Peking.

The first which we take up bears a title which is exactly equivalent to that of the French farce *Prêtez-moi la femme*, and in many particulars is identical in treatment with that amusing piece. Like Gontran, the Chinese *roué* finds himself destitute and dependent for his existence on an uncle who insists on his marriage as a preliminary to the dispensing of further favours. The Chinese hero has not the same reason for evading his uncle's command as Gontran has, but his wants are pressing, and he cannot find any young lady willing at the moment to become his bride. In this dilemma he betakes himself to a friend, to whom he explains his difficulty, and who volunteers to lend him his wife on condition that the necessary visit to his uncle is made, and the lady returned to her household between the morning and the evening of one day. The lady, whose home does not afford her all the amusement which she could desire, readily agrees to play the part of a bride, and starts with the hero for the uncle's abode beyond the city walls. Some delay having occurred in procuring a carriage, the uncle's house is not reached until after the intended hour, and so delighted are the old people with the bride, that they insist on the young couple staying to dinner. In the pleasures of the table and conversation time slips by, and when the bride and bridegroom rise to take their leave, they find, to their horror, that it is past the time for shutting the city gates.

Their host and hostess, far from sharing their alarm, are delighted to offer them hospitality, and have the best bedroom prepared for their use. With mingled annoyance and apprehension, which they cannot express, they consent to stay, and when left alone agree to mitigate the evil by sitting up all night. In this uncongenial attitude they welcome the morning light, when with the first gleam their ears are met by the sounds of a heated discussion, in which the voice of the lady's husband is distinctly audible. A violent wrangle ensues, in which the whole household joins, and in which the main difficulty is to persuade the uncle that his nephew's "bride" is the wife of another man. An amusing jumble of cross purposes follows, and the curtain falls on the nephew and the borrowed wife being carried off to the magistrate's court.

Buddhist priests are the favourite butts of Peking playwrights, and are commonly credited by these painters of the manners of the people with all the ribald and vicious qualities of Rabelais's Friar John. In one of the dramas we are speaking of, the plot of which is curious and interesting as bearing some resemblance to that of *Othello*, a priest plays the part of Cassio, and gives the hero, a famous warrior, far more genuine cause for jealousy than the lieutenant ever gave the Moor. The virtues and vices of the characters, with the exception of that of the hero Yang, and of the Emilia of the piece, are all, however, the reverse of those represented by Shakespeare. The Iago of the plot is an honest man, while nothing can be worse than the conduct of the Desdemona. After an intrigue between this lady and the priest had been carried on for some time, the lady gathers from her husband's manner that her honesty is suspected. With unerring instinct, she determines that the author of these suspicions is her husband's constant friend and companion, named, *Anglicè*, "Stone." To counteract the influence of this enemy, she brings the same charge against him which Potiphar's wife brought against Joseph, and for a time the ruse succeeds. An estrangement is brought about between Yang and "Stone," and the priest's visits to the warrior's house are renewed. "Stone,"



however, is not to be finally discomfited, and a presentiment of coming evil at his hands haunts the mind of the guilty bonze. In one night he dreams three dreams which are of so striking a nature that he repeats them to his innamorata and her maid. The lady declares that they all, like Pharaoh's visions, have one interpretation, which she understands in a favourable sense. But her maid, the Emilia of the piece, with truer discernment, considers that their meaning is prophetic of evil. This forecast is speedily fulfilled. At daylight the next morning "Stone," who has watched the priest enter the house, encounters him as he emerges from it. A quarrel ensues, in which "Stone" kills the padre, on whose person he finds an additional proof of his guilt in the shape of a pocket-handkerchief belonging to the lady. With this convincing justification of his suspicions in his hand, "Stone" goes to the injured husband, and in the presence of the lady recounts what he has seen, and produces the incriminating handkerchief.

Overcome by the accumulation of evidence against her mistress, the maid makes a full confession in the hope of saving her own life. But the hope is in vain. The outraged husband passes sentence of death against both women, and commissions "Stone" to give effect to his decision, which that worthy seems to have a particular pleasure in doing.

General resemblances such as are observable in these plays we should naturally expect to find in a dramatic literature of even widely different countries, and it is mainly in the treatment of the subject that we mark the various mental characteristics of the several peoples. In China the playwright's art is still in a somewhat primitive condition. The incidents described are presented to the audience with but little of the skilful introductory care to which we are accustomed, and the consequent abruptness of presentation is further heightened by the fact that, as the Chinese stage is without scenery of any kind, each actor on entering has to describe himself and his surroundings after the manner of the Greek chorus.

This is unquestionably a clumsy expedient, but we know how the Greeks contrived to combine a similar contrivance with an abundant share of the dramatic art. The same is the case, to some extent, with the Chinese. They tell a simple tale with considerable effect, though the dialogue is, as a rule, pitched in a minor key. There are no flights of eloquence, or grand outbursts of passion. Each actor expresses himself exactly as he would on the street, or in his own house, and only speaks straight on without any striving after effect. In the same way the plots are laid in the paths of daily life, and each play may be regarded as representing the scenes which might at the present moment be in course of being enacted in any house in Peking.

A good example of this style of play is one entitled *A Perturbed Meeting*, in which we have shown to us a household presided over by a wife and a concubine. Between these ladies a perpetual war is waged, and the concubine takes the opportunity of her appearance on the stage to explain to her audience the injustice and persecution under which she suffers. However, she consoles herself with the reflection that "whom the gods love die young," and she hugs the thought that, in virtue of her acceptance with the deities, she is likely to be soon relieved from her earthly trials. A bitter quarrel which ensues between her and her rival certainly justifies her desire to shuffle off this mortal coil, and so loud is the contention between the two ladies that the neighbours feel bound to interfere. In no country in the world but in China would neighbours obtrude themselves into the midst of such domestic strife. But privacy in our sense of the word is unknown in China. A man strolls into a stranger's courtyard or garden without any sense of being an intruder, and would as much resent an objection on the part of the owner as in Western lands the owner would the presence of the trespasser. The invasion, therefore, of the house in question is quite natural, and the inquiry which the intruders proceeded to hold is entirely in accordance with Chinese usage.

After hearing the complaints of the two ladies, which in effect was for the possession of the common husband, the self-constituted tribunal decides that he should divide his attentions equally between both during the month. That is to say, that he should devote himself to one while the moon waxed and to the other while it waned. To this, in principle, the ladies agree, but when it comes to be applied in practice, a bitter contention breaks out between them. Each claims the time of the waxing moon as her own, and the presence of the neighbours does not prevent a brisk exchange of many homely truths between the disputants. The wife particularly resents being called "that thing" by the concubine, and seeing the hopelessness of bringing about an agreement by assent, the neighbours propose that the ladies should determine the point in dispute by the hazard of the die. The ladies agree, and it is arranged that they should each throw three times. The wife throws first, and two sixes and a five are turned upon the board. With such luck she considers herself safe, and

receives the congratulations of the neighbours. The concubine now handles the die, and, to the astonishment of all, throws three sixes, to the utter discomfiture of the wife, who, when she realizes the situation, attempts to buy the envied right from the concubine with her jewelry and trinkets. But the concubine refuses all overtures, and remains, as the curtain falls, mistress of the situation.

#### THE CURE BY THE SWORD.

TWO hundred years ago (less five) the cure of wounds by the Powder of Sympathy was unknown to no one. At least so thought M. L. L. de Vallemont, doctor in theology, who wrote *La Physique Occulte*. There was never (so he said) anything more curious and scientific than the excellent discourse which the English chevalier [Sir Kenelm] Digby pronounced publicly upon the subject before the University of Montpellier, whither he betook him by reason of his horror to see the infamous Cromwell reigning in England to the damage of the august Royal Family. This *Discourse*, by the way, was published in English and French, in London and Paris, in 1658. The celebrated Father Lana, too, the Jesuit, declared in his great work called *Magisterium Nature et Artis* (1684-1692) that there was no superstition in it, and still less any pact with the demon. Sir Kenelm has even been credited with the invention or imagining of a sympathetic powder of vitriol.

As the name of the powder implied, it was by no manner of means to be put to the wound itself, but only to the bandages daily removed from the wound, and only after these were actually laid by. The spot in which the bandages were so laid had also to be changed according to the condition of the wound; a very cool place being chosen, for example, if there were fever; indeed, "your good sense will teach you that without my being further particular."

But the nobler Cure by the Sword far transcended this; and we must approach it piously from aloof.

When the surgeon desireth to know the depth of the wound without sounding it, he taketh the weapon that made it, and holdeth it over glowing coals until there cometh forth on the side of the blade that is away from the heat a faint humidity like the cloud the breath maketh on a mirror. And these are the little corpuscles that have separated from the blood and entered the pores of the sword, where they will remain a very long while; they being the minute invisible agents by which Nature operates her miracles. And if this dew upon the sword be scrutinized with a lens, you will see it to be made up of small bubbles raised up, which are the spirits of the blood as aforesaid, but now evaporated by means of the fire. And these little beads will come only on that much of the sword that hath entered a living body. Thus knoweth the surgeon the depth of his wound; and that was why, in the cure of wounds by the *unguentum armarium*, that famous ointment was applied on the sword or iron weapon that made the wound; and it also fully explains why the victim was thus curable at a great distance, and without even seeing him.

The seven books of Paracelsus (1493-1541) on Open Wounds are for us now the origin of this cure. Rudolph Goelenius in his treatise *De unguento armario* (1608) certainly did say that Paracelsus did not discover but had only perfected this secret; but Goelenius named no predecessor to the great Bombastes. J. B. della Porta also had taken it from Paracelsus into his *Magia Naturalis* (1558). Lana cited Bacon about it, and Bacon's discreet sarcasms on the subject may be seen in Ellis and Spedding's edition of his works (ii. 670), where he "easily suspects a starting-hole," and refers to the *Basilica chymica* of Crolius (1643, p. 400); there is also a collection of Tracts on *Unguenta armaria*—for there were many recipes—in the *Theatrum sympatheticum*.

Here is one of these formulæ again, in *impuris naturalibus*, from Goelenius (*vid* De Vallemont), who said it was well known that the Emperor Maximilian used this unguent:

Recipe:—Usneæ concretæ in calvaria strangulati ... uncias duas;  
—Mumiæ, sanguinis humani singul. ... unciam semis;  
—Lumbricorum terrest. aquâ vel vino lotorum,  
    exsiccorum ... unc. ij. s.;  
—Adipis humani ... uncias ij.;  
—Adip. urs. verris aprugni s. ... uncias s.;  
—Ol. lin. terebinth. a. ... drachmas ij.

Mix them all in a mortar when the sun is in  $\Delta$ , and keep the compost safe in a long narrow jar, into which you may plunge the cold iron which made the wound, if you can come by that iron; if not, then do the next best thing by taking some other weapon of the same kind, and introduce it into the wound, so that its blade may be impregnated with the animal spirits that dwell in the blood thereof. And the cold steel must be often

ointed in the phial if you would have a rapid cure. *Per contra* if, as the Yankee doctors say, you don't want your patient to "hurry up," you leave the weapon alone for a day or two. Meanwhile however, on the patience-and-shuffle-the-cards principle, you were constantly to lave and cleanse and rebandage your wound with good aid of fair water and fair linen.

Naturally there were furious disputes about this ointment, and heat could be raised no higher, so De Vallemont said, not even in the poor victim's body, than it glowed among physicians. And it was oddest—or so they thought two centuries ago—that those who made most noise were those to whom the "corpuscular philosophy" was wholly unknown. The fury of these disputes may partly explain the cautiousness of Bacon's remarks.

This cure by the weapon was wholly the opposite of the magnetic cure by the actual application of powdered loadstone to the wound itself, which was to draw out the maleficence of the iron, and which formed the subject of Goelenius's *Tractatus de Magnetica curatione vulnerum*, published at Marburg in 1608, and defended in 1617 and 1625. It belonged of course to the strange category of cures by sympathy, of which we may detect a somewhat even in the notable exemplar of the whipping-boy. While it was neither a cure by transplantation of the ailment into a tree or animal, which was already an old sortilege in the Rig Veda; nor a cure by signature, like the spear-wort; nor a like-to-like (quoth the devil to the collier), as the "hair of the dog" was; nor faith-healing, as among dervishes and the Salvation Army; yet in its claims on the imagination it partook of the mysteries of all four of these, and had its foil in the ancient and widespread sticking of pins into wax or rag dolls to work evil and death.

And of course too we, superior, can now claim for it all the success and repute which were due to the fine old saying, "Can't you leave it alone?" When it succeeded it was a Nature-cure, wherein she had it all her own way; and the bone-setter and the physician—spite of the proverb, Better a lucky leech than a learned—were neither of them in it. Cure is the best doctor; and that was why, as Eir, she was an old Ase-wife in the Norse.

#### RACING.

UP to the end of June, public form had been somewhat more consistent than usual on the English turf. This month it has been woefully upset. Mr. Fenwick's Mimi had won all her races of this season—namely, the One Thousand, the Newmarket Stakes, and the Oaks, landing more than 12,000*l.* in stakes, and she was a strong second favourite for the St. Leger. When, therefore, she came out for the Prince of Wales's Stakes of 6,000*l.*, at Leicester, 7 to 4 was laid upon her, although she looked far less muscular than she had done at Epsom and Newmarket. Instead of coming in first, she came in last, nor had she taken any active part in the contest from end to end. The race was won by M. Blanc's Révérend, who beat The Deemster by a neck, Orvieto being third, half a length off. As these three colts are in the St. Leger, this was an interesting race; for, on this form, they might have been supposed to be within a few pounds of each other. Nevertheless, a few days later, Révérend and The Deemster were each backed for the St. Leger at 6 to 1, while 40 to 1 was laid against Orvieto, whose subsequent easy victory for the Midsummer Plate at Newmarket did little towards increasing his favouritism. The horse-critics admire Révérend, who is a bay colt by Energy out of Reveuse, for his length, width of hip, well-developed quarters and quality. Some of them, however, point out that he shows traces of a curby hock; that he would be the better for more bone, and that he is rather short in the neck. They all object to the make of The Deemster's forelegs, as well as to an enormous splint upon one of them; some think him too angular, others too short, and many dislike his head; yet nearly every one admits that he has plenty of power, muscle, and good points in general, to say nothing of his rich brown coat. The critics find fault, again, with the forelegs of Orvieto, while they allow that he is a very well-topped colt, and that he has improved very much as a three-year-old. He bears a certain resemblance to his half-brother, Ormonde, although he is on a smaller scale. Before dismissing the subject of the Prince of Wales's Stakes, it may be worth while to observe that some people think that The Deemster would have won it, if Watts had been able to get a clear course for him a little earlier.

The day after Mimi's defeat at Leicester, the three-year-old form received a still ruder shock at Sandown. Common, who had won the Two Thousand, the Derby, and the St. James's Palace Stakes in a canter, was made first favourite with 2 to 1 laid on him for the Eclipse Stakes, while Memoir, the winner of the Newmarket Stakes, Oaks, Nassau Stakes, St. Leger, and Newmarket Oaks of last year, was second favourite. Among

the starters was that uncertain, but beautiful savage, Surefoot. People stood at a respectful distance while he was being saddled, as he "let out" frequently with a hind leg. Then he seemed pretty quiet; but no sooner was Liddiard in the saddle than he stood bolt upright on his hind legs and screamed loudly. When he reached the starting-post he indulged in a few more antics, and, if 12 to 1 was his nominal starting price, as much as 25 to 1 was offered to 100*l.* just as they were getting off, and a bookmaker is said to have offered 100 to 1 against him during the race. His jockey wisely kept him by himself on the extreme left, and he got away in front, only to be pulled back into the rear. Common did not run very well in the early part of the race; but he was fortunate enough to get the inside place at the turn into the straight. As they entered this part of the course, the flaxen-tailed chestnut filly, Fuse, who had been making the running, was beaten, and Common, Gouverneur, and Orion, on pretty even terms, led the way. Memoir, who had been considered the best three-year-old of last season, was beaten at the distance, and Le Nord had given way rather sooner. It now looked a close race between Common and Gouverneur. Appearances, however, were deceptive; for the race did not lie between this pair. About a hundred yards from the judge's box Surefoot came with a rush, and won by half a length, Gouverneur beating Common by the shortest of heads for second place. It is a question whether Surefoot can altogether be called a satisfactory horse; at any rate, when people laid long odds on him for the Derby, and backed him heavily for other races which he lost, they did not think him one. Yet he has earned more than 27,000*l.* in stakes. It had been taken as quite settled that a mile was his distance; but by winning the Eclipse Stakes over a mile and a quarter he showed that he could stay a little further. For all that, were the race for the Eclipse Stakes to be run over again, it is as likely as not that he might be in a different humour, and entirely reverse his form.

If we account for Common's defeat by admitting the three-year-old form of last year to be superior to that of this season, how are we to explain the position of Memoir, who was looking remarkably well, and only finished sixth? How was it, again, that Common, who beat Gouverneur, apparently with the greatest ease, by a couple of lengths for the Derby, was now beaten by him when attempting to give him 3 lbs.? Was the twisting course at Sandown less suited to Common than that at Epsom? The fact that it was in rounding the very sharpest turn that he got to the front makes this unlikely. Even a victory by a head at 3 lbs. would not give Gouverneur a claim to be able to beat Common for the St. Leger. But is his owner's other St. Leger colt, the already mentioned Révérend, better than Gouverneur? To come to any conclusions on that matter we must look at public form in France. For the Poule des Produits M. Blanc's Gouverneur beat his Révérend by half a length; but it was generally understood that their positions would have been reversed if their owner had not given instructions that Gouverneur should be allowed to win if possible. For the French Derby, Révérend started first favourite at 6 to 5; but the race was won by Ermak, Le Hardy being second, Le Capricorne third, Révérend eighth, and another colt of M. Blanc's, called Clamart, fourth. For the Grand Prix, Ermak was first favourite, and after him in the betting came M. Blanc's Gouverneur, at 4 to 1, his Clamart at 6 to 1, and his Révérend at 10 to 1. M. Blanc's Clamart won easily by two lengths, his Révérend was second, his Gouverneur was fifth, while Ermak, Le Hardy, and Le Capricorne—the first, second, and third in the French Derby—were fourth, sixth, and eighth. Those who may be able to come to any definite conclusions from this conflicting evidence are sincerely to be congratulated. In regretting the defeats of Common and Memoir there is no concealing the fact that they have had the effect of rendering the St. Leger a much more interesting race than it had appeared beforehand.

It was thought that the disgraced Peter Flower would be able to give weight to each of his moderate opponents for the Zetland Plate at the Newmarket July Meeting, and odds were laid on him, only to be lost, as Lord Calthorpe's Versifier beat him by two lengths at 12 lbs. Another colt that had once been first favourite, as a matter of fact the earliest first favourite, for the Derby, and had afterwards turned out second-rate, was Colonel North's Simonian. This colt won the Midland Derby at Leicester under the highest weight in the race, and this week he has won the St. George's Stakes at Liverpool. He has now repaid with stakes the 4,000 guineas which he cost as a yearling. Peter Flower, with all his misfortunes, is a larger winner, having 5,606*l.* to his credit.

At the end of last month, Goldfinch had fair claims to be considered the best of the two-year-olds that had then run in public. Accordingly he was made first favourite for the July Stakes at Newmarket, the second favourite being Flyaway, the winner of the rich Portland Stakes, and the third Dunure, who had beaten Flyaway by a head at equal weights at Ascot, and was now to give



her 3 lbs. Flyaway won by a head from Goldfinch, who was gaining rapidly on her at the finish; Rueil, the winner of the very valuable Whitsuntide Plate, was third, and Dunure, who had been second to him for that race, was fourth. It is more than possible that the beautiful Flyaway did not show her true form for the Coventry Stakes at Ascot, as she stopped very suddenly just at last; nor did she run at all gamely when, with 2 to 1 laid on her, she gave 9 lbs. to Petrovna at Newmarket for the Fulborne Stakes, and was very easily beaten by a length and a half. On the latter occasion, she ought to have made a better fight of it; for at Leicester, in April, she had beaten Petrovna easily by a length, at even weights, whereas last week she never for a moment pressed Petrovna throughout the race. Certain good judges of racing think that Goldfinch would have caught her in another stride, for the July Stakes; and it was said in defence of that colt, that he had been "shin-sore" since Ascot. One of the largest two-year-old fields of this season ran for the Seaton Delaval Plate of 1,200*l.* at Newcastle, which was won by the Duke of Hamilton's *Persistive*, a very promising bright chestnut colt, strongly inbred to Touchstone. *Palatine*, who was unplaced for that race, subsequently won the Exeter Stakes at the Newmarket Second July meeting. A smart novice came out for the Zetland Stakes at Leicester in Mr. H. Milner's *Broad Corrie*, a bay filly by Hampton out of *Corrie Roy*. She beat Lord Calthorpe's *Bellinzona* by a neck, at even weights, winning 1,779*l.* in stakes at her first attempt. *Bellinzona*, who had had the ill-luck to run second three times, won the Soltykoff Stakes at the Second July Meeting, though only by a neck, from *Coureur*, who won the Prince of Wales's Cup four days later from eighteen opponents. The smart two-year-olds, *Lady Hermit* and *Windgall*, ran for the National Breeders' Produce Stakes of 2,646*l.* at Sandown, and as much as 10 to 1 was laid against the winner, Mr. H. Milner's *Lady Caroline*, a filly who, though often beaten, had won the Queen's Stand Plate at Ascot from such flyers as *Signorina* and *Noble Chieftain*. She now galloped down her field and won by three lengths, more than making up for the 7 lbs. which she was receiving from both *Lady Hermit* and *Windgall*. We may notice that *Windgall* also received a beating, with the worst of the weights, for the Stud Produce Stakes of 914*l.* at the July Meeting from *St. Damien*, a bay colt by *St. Simon* out of *Distant Shore*, with excellent shapes and plenty of power. The *Knighton Stakes* of 800*l.*, at Leicester, was won by *Weever's Master McGrath*, who was receiving 13 lbs. from *Pilgrim's Progress*, whom he beat by three lengths, as well as *Palatine*, who was meeting him at even weights. A two-year-old, that had been an expensive yearling, lost her third successive race last week at Newmarket. This was Mr. H. Bass's filly by *Sterling* out of *Cherry Duchess*, that had cost 3,000 guineas at the Yardley Stud sale. A much more expensive filly, one indeed that had realized the highest price ever given in this country for a yearling, *Baron de Hirsch's La Flèche*, who cost 5,500 guineas at the sale of the Hampton Court yearlings, ran and won her first race for the *Chesterfield Stakes* of 770*l.* at Newmarket last week. She is a remarkably fine own sister to *Memoir*, and she beat *Lady Hermit* in a canter by two lengths at 7 lbs., *Bonavista*, the winner of the *Woodcote Stakes*, being third. A week to-day, at Kempton, *Galeopsis*, the winner of the British Dominion Stakes at Sandown, won the Grand Two-Year-Old Stakes. In his two races, this unbeaten colt has won 2,595*l.* in stakes. Colonel North's *Lady Morgan* won him a valuable stake last Wednesday in the *Lancashire Produce Stakes*; but the heroine of the race was *Desdemona*, who gave her 5 lbs. and ran her to a neck.

Among handicaps, the Portsmouth Park Inauguration Handicap of 414*l.* was won by the Prince of Wales's *Pierrette*, who had previously won the *Esher Handicap* of 925*l.* This filly was subsequently beaten by three-quarters of a length for the Prince of Wales's Plate of 925*l.*, at Hurst Park, by Mr. Houldsworth's good-looking and white-faced colt, *Springtime*, to whom she was giving sex and 9 lbs. The *Leicestershire Summer Handicap* brought out a very moderate lot, but produced a pretty race between *Mavourneen*, *Charleston*, and *Wrinkles*, who were divided by a neck and a head. The *Royal Handicap* at Sandown fell to the three-year-old, *Worldly Wise*, who, even after swerving inside the distance, won by three lengths. As this was the fourth race that this colt had won this year, the handicappers will probably treat him less leniently in future. The *Stewards' Handicap* at the Newmarket First July Meeting was won by the Duke of Westminster's beautiful three-year-old filly, *Grace Conroy*, who, if far from a brilliant racehorse herself, ought, with her excellent shapes and grand breeding, to make a very valuable brood mare for the Eaton stud. *King of Diamonds* ran a good race for an unimportant handicap at Newmarket, last week, when he gave *Godwit* 2 st. more than weight-for-age, and ran him to three-quarters of a length, with *St. Symphonien*, at his own weight, unplaced, as well as *Formidable*, to whom he was giving 22 lbs. One of the most interesting races among

four-year-olds and upwards, of this month, was for the July Cup on the same afternoon. Although a weight-for-age race, the penalties seriously handicapped at least one of the starters. The course was six furlongs, and *Memoir*, whose strong point was supposed to be staying, gave 9 lbs. each to such fast horses as *Noble Chieftain* and *Workington*, beating the former by a head and the latter by half a length. This form would appear to make *Memoir* about 7 lbs. better than any other horse in training over six furlongs. At the same time, in a recent libel case, we had the evidence of so high an authority as the official handicapper that six furlongs is a hundred yards beyond *Noble Chieftain's* best distance. On the other hand, there are fine judges of racing who thought that *Noble Chieftain* would have beaten *Memoir* in another stride. For the First Class Selling Plate of 995*l.* at Newmarket, Mr. H. Milner's three-year-old, *Rousseau*, beat a fair handicap horse in *Mortaigne* by three lengths, at 2 lbs., and such a smart horse as *Lord George*—who is probably, however, out of form—at about weight for age. He was sold cheaply enough, after the race, for 800 guineas. Captain Machell's rather lightly-built, but very muscular colt, *Rathbeal*, who had run second for the Royal Hunt Cup, and won the *Wokingham Stakes* at Ascot, won the *Liverpool Cup* on Wednesday last, and with the increasing favouritism of *The Deemster* for the *St. Leger*, Captain Machell's stable seems to be coming to the front.

## LA CAZZUELA.

THE great number of murders and domestic tragedies continually recorded in Italian newspapers is not more remarkable than the fact that in a very large proportion of these cases there are circumstances of a romantic, eccentric nature, or at least strange associations of a kind much less frequent in more northern countries. A curious illustration of this is given in the *Secolo* (of July 5), of Milan, in the details of an attempt at assassination which recently took place in that city.

The *Cazzœula* is the name of one of the most ancient inns near Milan, famous once for the noisy revels of rejoicing Ambrosians, and much frequented to-day by gourmets seeking for the earliest asparagus, or crabs when in season, and taking their meals in the shade of the trees—centuries old—which surround the picturesque building. Its name, in the Milanese dialect, is applied to a peculiar Lombard dish made of cabbage, ribs of fresh pork, and other ingredients.

It is only very recently that a Carlo Benaglio, a man aged forty, assumed the full control of this *osteria*. He had a wife, *Luisa Tragella*, who, though thirty-five years of age, is a remarkable beauty, tall, of most attractive form—and celebrated especially for her brilliant eyes and magnificent head of blonde hair—being altogether a typical Lombard beauty. She is described as a very resolute woman, also, naturally enough, as one who was much courted by many men. She was, indeed, free in manner; but her husband—a man of reserved or gloomy temper, and somewhat coarse manners—did not seem to be jealous, as she was an admirable mother to her five children.

For some time, however, clouds seemed to gather over their life, and the gossip of the neighbours became very severe as regarded the intimacy said to exist between *Luisa* and a certain dealer in horses, it being asserted that the husband was aware of and indifferent to the scandal. Benaglio, hearing this, became furious, jealous quarrels resulting, which were much aggravated by her manifest indifference for him, and the manner in which he was treated as an inferior. To abbreviate the details, one evening Benaglio, having concealed on his person a very long and sharp knife, began by reproaching her because she no longer spoke to him save in abusive words, saying, "You can no longer bear the sight of me! Well, take that!"

That was a stab with the knife. The wife, being a powerful woman, defended herself bravely, receiving fourteen severe wounds, also terrible contusions on the head from blows. The five children, witnesses of the horrible scene, began to scream, causing the neighbours to enter. Meantime Benaglio, raving like a wild beast, and provided with a gun, and brandishing a small table, shut himself in his room. The woman was cared for by Dr. Augusto Agnoletto, and it does not appear that her wounds, though very terrible, will prove mortal.

The first singular circumstance in this affair is that Benaglio was allowed to remain undisturbed—"nobody molested him"—busied himself the next morning with affairs about the house; at noon gave the keys of the house to his daughter, and, saying "Adieu! I am going, and know not when I shall return," "made himself scarce," possibly in the direction of New Orleans, in search of congenial friends. It is, however, gratifying to learn that the police, "who were not for some time informed of the event," are now on his traces.

What is most remarkable of all is that there is a well-known

and strange legend attached to the *osteria* which somewhat recalls what has recently occurred there. Long ago, in the early middle age, there was a military adventurer named Cicca. The Cazzoula had then, as now, a hostess of extraordinary beauty. With her Cicca eloped, fought the brigands who haunted the forests near Milan, secured in some mysterious and terrible manner a vast buried treasure, took part in the mysterious rites of the Knights Templars, became the hero of a cycle of romances, legends, or songs, and finally finished, as did so many bold and brilliant gentlemen of his kind, on the gallows or gibbet. The people, who believed that he was really a son of the devil, or *Berlicca*, beheld with amazement on his arm a tattooing—or, as one may here say truly, “a devil’s tattoo”—representing a spur, a lion, and a gallows. Hence a popular rhyme or riddle among boys, which may still be heard:—

Cicca Berlicca,  
La forza t’impiccia,  
Leoni, speron, col rest—  
Indovina se l’è quest.

Having uttered the last word, boys make the wheel on their feet or hands.

Of all which the *Secolo* well remarks:—“This is a strange coincidence of deeds equally ferocious, in the same house, yet so remote by many centuries.”

#### HUSBAND AND WIFE.

THE three-act farce which, graced with a new tail, has succeeded *Jane* at the Comedy Theatre, is much less inferior to its predecessor than might reasonably have been expected—if, indeed, it is inferior to it at all, a point upon which opinions may well differ. *Husband and Wife* owes its success rather to the actors than the authors, though no doubt authors who have written what enables actors to amuse the audience must always be entitled to a considerable share of the credit due to success. In this case, however, it would probably require an expert to see the merits of the play upon a perusal of it in print, except, perhaps, the newly-written part of the Magistrate in the third act, which contains more, and more diverting, points than the bulk of the audience are likely entirely to appreciate. The first two acts go well, and keep the audience continually amused, less by reason of the acting of any one in particular than because of the liveliness and spirit thrown into their work by all the performers. This is especially noticeable in the second act, where the crowd of emancipated husbands on one side of the stage eat their supper as if they liked it, and compete with joyous gallantry in the entertainment of their lady guest; while the independent wives on the other side of the partition transact the business of the “Tiger-lilies Club” as if it was business, and as if they were lady-members.

As for the scene in the police-court, it is not merely boisterously amusing, but contains some extremely comic writing. Mr. Brookfield’s impersonation of Sir George Muddle, a garrulous and pedantic magistrate, is really admirable, and most remarkable for its combination of excellent burlesque law with the most complete avoidance of anything like dulness. His retort to the complaint of the defendants that they have been locked up all night—“The law of England presumes every man to be innocent until he is proved to be guilty, and therefore locks him up until some evidence against him can be found”—is a paradox which might well have amused Mr. Justice Maule. And what could be more apt than the introduction of just such a Latin tag as the Muddles of real life love:—“You are proved to have been taken in *flagrante delicto*—in flagrant delight”? The joke appears to be beyond the comprehension of about nine-tenths of the audience, but they cannot help being amused by the manner of its delivery. Most touching, too, and most natural is the complaint, uttered *sotto voce* by Mrs. Greenthorne (Miss Vane Featherston), while one of the policemen is giving his evidence, “What does that nasty man mean by calling me Augusta?” The whole act is full of good things, and, considering the frequency and the inherent difficulties of judicial proceedings on the stage, reflects the greatest credit upon all concerned.

As has been already indicated, Mr. Brookfield’s performance in this act, the only one where he appears, is not only excellent fooling, but extremely good acting, and it would be impossible to improve upon his make-up. Miss Lottie Venne plays the sprightly but experienced widow with unflinching spirit and energy, and is admirably supported by Miss Vane Featherston and the other ladies. Of the men, Mr. George Giddens plays with a rollicking fervour, most grateful to his audience, though he is perhaps at his best in the first act, as a henpecked perambulator-wheeler and duster-darner of slovenly aspect. Mr. W. F. Hawtreys, too, is

capitally made up and very entertaining, both as a down-trodden and as a rebellious spouse. The cheerful nonsense of which the piece is composed is artfully designed to become continuously more extravagant, until the second act culminates in something like a pantomime rally, and the fooleries of the police-court carry the piece through to a suitable close, without letting the meriment of the audience drop. It is a capital piece of its kind, and deserves the favour of the public.

#### MONEY MATTERS.

THE railway dividends for the first half of the year as yet announced are nearly all disappointing, though they are, perhaps, not more unsatisfactory than under the circumstances might have been expected. The Great Eastern Company has declared a dividend at the rate of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. per annum against 2 per cent. at this time last year; the London and South-Western at the rate of  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. against  $4\frac{1}{2}$  twelve months ago; the Lancashire and Yorkshire  $3\frac{1}{2}$  against 4 per cent.; the London and Brighton  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. against  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.; the South-Eastern,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. against  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.; the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire,  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. against  $\frac{3}{4}$  per cent.; the Chatham and Dover (Preference)  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. against  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.; while the Metropolitan declares a dividend of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. against only 3 per cent. twelve months ago. With the exception of the Metropolitan, which is an exclusively London line, and almost entirely dependent upon passenger traffic, it will be seen that the other dividends are all considerably lower than twelve months ago. Three of them are 1 per cent. lower, and four are  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. lower. It is true that the London and Brighton Company could have paid at least  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. more, but that it decided instead to carry forward to the new half-year an exceptionally large balance. This it did, however, only because it has to repair its defective bridges. Long ago those bridges ought to have been put in proper order. Now that the Board of Trade Report makes it unavoidable, the Company has decided to spread the cost over several half-years, and, properly, it begins with the half-year already ended. On the other hand, the Great Eastern has paid more than it really earned in the six months, for it has taken money from the contingent account in order to make up the  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. it declares. Speaking generally, the gross receipts have been fairly well maintained during the half-year. In some cases there have been large increases. In spite of the crisis the country is passing through, and the higher duties imposed upon American imports, trade at home has been wonderfully well maintained. But the working expenses have increased far more rapidly than the gross receipts. There is a large augmentation in wages and in the cost of fuel and material, and in several instances there is also an increase in the fixed charges. The Companies have necessarily to lay out money continually upon the permanent way, bridges, stations, &c. &c. Much of this money is for a time unproductive, and even where it is productive it often does no more than cover the cost of working. With regard to the new half-year upon which we have entered the prospects are not more promising than for the past half-year. Rather the reverse. The suspension of the English Bank of the River Plate has renewed the alarms that have been so frequent since November, has made credit even more sensitive than it was before, and probably will increase the disinclination to engage in new business. Even if there should not be further failures, it is therefore to be feared that the continuance of the crisis will check trade at home, and the suspension can hardly fail to make the crisis in the Argentine Republic even worse than it was before. A bank which did a large business out there being suddenly closed, all its customers are deprived of the accommodation to which they have been accustomed; at the same time depositors for awhile, at all events, cannot get possession of their money, and the general alarm will thus be intensified. Under the most favourable circumstances the trade between this country and South America could not be prosperous as matters stand, but after this suspension it is likely to be still further restricted. And trade with the United States, too, is likely to be hampered by the higher duties now charged under the McKinley Act. Furthermore, the bad harvest all over the Continent of Europe is likely to affect the purchasing power of Continental countries, and, therefore, somewhat to diminish our trade with the Continent. Upon the whole, then, it is to be feared that the new half-year will hardly be as prosperous as that lately ended, and consequently it will be extremely satisfactory if there is not an actual falling-off in the gross receipts of the railways. But the working expenses, however the Directors may strive, cannot be cut down. They will continue to rise, and as much elasticity in the receipts is not to be looked for, it is probable that the dividends to be declared at the end of the year will be at least as disappointing as those now



being announced. Still, we see no reason to look for much decline in the prices of Home Railway stocks. Those stocks are almost entirely held by investors, and investors very properly gauge the value of their stocks, not by the yield of a single half-year, or even a year, but by the average yield of a number of years. And they are aware that, judging home railways by the latter test, it would be difficult to find securities equally safe that would give a better return. We do not, then, look for much selling on the part of investors. Of course speculators every now and then will sell, and for the time being will force prices down, calculating that investors will follow the lead, and that they themselves will be able to buy back profitably. But their operations will have little effect if investors remain cool.

The suspension of the English Bank of the River Plate on Saturday did not disturb the money market as much as might have been expected, for its difficulties had long been known, and had been prepared against. Yet the suspension naturally increased the prevailing uneasiness, and caused the rate of discount in the open market to advance early in the week to about 2½ per cent. It was even thought probable that the Bank of England rate would be raised; but on Tuesday 300,000*l.* in gold, which had been taken out last week for Russia, were returned, and on the following day a further sum of 450,000*l.*, making in all three-quarters of a million. During the week ended Wednesday night the Bank received very nearly a million sterling in gold. That, of course, made it impossible to raise the rate, and it produced a much better feeling in the money market. In the open market the rate has declined to 2 cent. Still, there is an unwillingness to take bills very freely, because the consequences of the suspension cannot yet be foreseen. It is believed that the liabilities of the bank have been greatly reduced since September, and that they do not now exceed 5 millions sterling. The paid-up capital amounts to three-quarters of a million. There is a reserve fund of 450,000*l.*, and there is an uncalled capital of three-quarters of a million. The capital, paid and unpaid, and the reserve, thus amount to nearly 2 millions sterling, or to 40 per cent. of the estimated liabilities, which ought to cover all the losses. If they do, the depositors and the holders of the bank's bills are safe. The shareholders are for the greater part wealthy, and therefore are well able to pay whatever call may be made upon them. From all this it is expected that no serious failures will occur; but the commercial firms which used to get accommodation from the bank in one form or another, or used to buy its bills to make remittances from the River Plate to Europe, may be seriously inconvenienced, and some of them may be compelled to close their doors. Until, then, the facts are known, uneasiness will continue and the market will be in a sensitive state.

Early in the week the price of silver continued to fall, but on Wednesday it recovered to 46½*d.* per oz., chiefly because of buying for Spain and Portugal. In Portugal there is so great a scarcity of coin that gold, silver, and even copper are at a premium. The Government, recognizing that it would be too costly, even if possible, to get gold, is buying silver in large quantities, and it will have to continue doing so unless the crisis becomes too acute to make any remedy possible. The Bank of Spain is also buying, as the Bill for increasing its note-issue has now passed. But there is little demand for India, and the great speculators in America find it difficult to continue their operations in the present state of the money market.

The suspension of the English Bank of the River Plate has, if possible, made business on the Stock Exchange even more stagnant than it was before. There has not been a heavy fall, for there has been so little speculation for months past that there was, in fact, little room for a fall, but the unwillingness of operators to engage in new risks has been intensified. Besides, the uncertainty as to what may be the consequences of the suspension have not yet been removed, and it seems only too probable that in the Argentine Republic, at all events, those consequences will intensify the crisis. The suspension naturally will weaken the credit of all banks out there, and it will lessen the banking accommodation obtainable, which was already much too small. The civil war in Chili, too, is not only growing more savage, but shows no sign of coming to an end. And in Portugal a crash appears to be impending. As stated already, gold, silver, and copper coin are all at a premium. The blame, of course, is laid upon speculators, and no doubt there is speculation, as there always is when prices fluctuate rapidly and widely. But the real meaning of the premium is, that the country is so deeply indebted that it has to send abroad to pay its debts all the gold that can be got hold of; and that distrust is so general that every one who has silver or copper is hoarding against contingencies. Should there be a crash in Portugal, it would, of course, tell severely upon the Paris Bourse; and it would be a serious matter, too, for large numbers of investors in this country, for unfortunately a considerable proportion of the Portuguese debt is held here. The bad harvest

in Russia, moreover, has caused a fall in Russian securities, especially in rouble notes in Berlin, and there are grave fears that the coming settlement on the Berlin Bourse will be a difficult one. Altogether the outlook is gloomy, and fully accounts for the uneasiness that prevails. One hope, however, still remains to the Stock Exchange—namely, that before long there will be a marked revival of business in New York, resulting in a considerable advance in prices. The wheat crop is magnificent, and all the other crops promise well. It is inevitable that a generally good harvest must improve trade, and with good crops and good trade the railways will do a large business. Therefore people argue that speculation in New York must spring up before long, and that as soon as business becomes active and prosperous in New York it will revive also in London. But, for the present at all events, there seems to be as little inclination to speculate in New York as in London, and therefore, although the hope remains, it does not increase the amount of business.

Harvest prospects at home and upon the Continent continue to improve. It seems now reasonably certain that the harvest will not be so deficient as was feared some time ago, and that therefore as much wheat will not need to be imported. But if the news from Russia is true—that there is so great a failure that there will be famine in some districts—the price during the next twelve months must be decidedly higher than for years past.

In consequence of the failure of the English Bank of the River Plate there has been a fall of as much as 8*l.* per share in the shares of the London and River Plate Bank, which were quoted at the close on Thursday at 19-21. The depreciation of Argentine Railway stocks naturally also continued during the week. Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary stock was quoted at the close on Thursday at 75-78, a fall of no less than 10 compared with the preceding Thursday. Buenos Ayres Great Southern Ordinary stock was quoted 130-132, a fall of 5. Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway Seven per Cent. Preference stock was quoted 63-67, also a fall of 5; and Central Argentine was quoted 47-49, a fall of 6. The Argentine Five per Cent. Loan of '86 closed on Thursday at 60, a fall of 3½ compared with the preceding Thursday. The Four and a Half per Cent. bonds closed at 29-30, a fall of 5½; and the Buenos Ayres Six per Cent. Loan of '82 closed at 33-35, a fall of 3; Uruguayan Bonds fell 5½, the Unified closing on Thursday at 39½, and the New Sixes at 43½. Chilean fell 1, the Four and a Half of '86 closing 78-80. And Portuguese fell 2, closing on Thursday at 40½. On the other hand, there has been a recovery in Consols of ½, closing on Thursday at 95½. Indian Three per Cents closed at 96½, a rise of ½; and Home Railway stocks also generally are somewhat higher than a week ago, especially the Deferred stocks. North British Deferred closed on Thursday 41½, a rise of 1½; South-Eastern Deferred closed at 81½, a rise of 1½; and Brighton "A" closed at 144½, a rise of 1; but Great Eastern fell 1½, closing on Thursday at 89½; and Manchester and Sheffield "A" fell 1½, closing at 33.

#### WATER-COLOURS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

IT is not until the curiosity of the public is somewhat abated that it is of any use to draw attention to a modest, but very creditable, section of the Royal Academy exhibition. Those who visit Burlington House are apt not to realize that the drawings and miniatures in the two Southern rooms form, with their five hundred examples, one of the most important collections of works in water-colour and black and white of the season. There is, moreover, one advantage which the Royal Academy possesses over the various societies and institutes, in that, not electing members to its body as water-colour painters, its show is entirely selected. In the exhibition of the present year subject pieces of importance are not numerous. Great credit is due to Mr. Lionel Smythe for his "Breadwinners" (1341), three sturdy children with hot cheeks and tangled yellow hair, in blue blouses, striding across a cornfield, where they have been gleaning. The movement in this drawing, and its remarkable freshness and vigour, give it a prominent place. Mr. Lawrence Bulleid's Pompeian maidens are always pretty. "At the Temple Gate" (1366) shows us a Roman girl in pink heaping up red rose garlands on the cornice over the doorposts. Mr. Yeames is mildly humorous in his picture of a lawyer with scarlet bag conversing with a young lady outside Barnard's Inn; this is named "The Law's Delay" (1350). A graceful study of a young woman seated in a cottage gazing at the photograph of a child, by Mr. J. Finnemore, is called "Memories" (1395).

The Council of the Royal Academy has shown its approval of Mr. Harry Dixon's "Lions" (1224) by purchasing it under the

terms of the Chantrey Bequest. This is a large drawing, representing a lion, lioness, and rough cub prowling through a desert, side by side, in the moonlight. This is careful and effective work, but we confess we should not have been prepared to give it such marked distinction. There is more originality, though less technical cleverness, in Mr. Arthur Wardle's "Panthers" (1260); the brilliant creatures are lounging on a ledge of dark cliff, the limbs of one airily dangling over the abyss. Mr. Tom Lloyd has the speciality of liver-coloured calves, skipping in fresh green grass, under apple-blossom, close to blue sea; he gives us all these ingredients in "Spring" (1337). Among the portrait-studies that which will attract most attention is Mr. Edward Clifford's very ugly profile head of "Father Damien" (1188), with his spectacles and purple flannel shirt, a view of the desolate cliffs of Molokai seen through the window. The face is not that of a saint, but shrewd, rough and earnest; it explains much that has been difficult to understand in the posthumous legends of Damien. Mr. Alfred R. Baker, who is evidently a very young artist, has painted a three-quarters portrait of himself (1191), cleverly modelled and still more skillfully lighted. A capital head of a girl in a red dress covered with white lace is Miss Mary H. Carlisle's "After the Ball" (1258). Another good portrait is "Mrs. F—— R——" (1295), drawing on her gloves, the head turned upwards as though asking a question, by Mr. Arthur Randall.

The landscapes are extremely abundant; it is in this direction that the second-rate talent of British water-colour seems to develop. We must first mention a few landscape-drawings which are by no means second-rate. Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, with the rather dry lines and hot tones characteristic of his work, has painted "Granada" (1256) in an ambitious drawing; we look down on the city from the gardens of the Generalife. Another Academician, Mr. W. J. Wyllie, has painted an elaborate study of "Brighton" (1213), seen from the pier; the sands are crowded with figures, and the gay bustle of a summer morning is cleverly indicated; we think, however, that the light is too evenly dispersed, and that the details need to be massed. Mr. Leopold Rivers's "Potato Gathering" (1245) is a very striking landscape, which errs only, we fancy, in a too-bloomy surface, the brilliant whites and greens and greys being effectively, but conventionally, melted into one another. A special interest attaches to the work of Mr. Robert B. Nisbet, whose name was lifted into distinction by the honour he received last year from the Royal Academy. He sends this year three contributions, all more or less in the manner of his "Evening Stillness" of 1890. "Quietude" (1172) is the edge of a sand-dune; but the best of Mr. Nisbet's drawings this year is "Sundown" (1281), a very small study of harmonious sunset tones. Mr. Patrick Downie has been successful in painting a limpid, greenish-gold evening sky behind masts and chimneys at the close of a winter day at "Greenock" (1165). Slight, and without colour, but well drawn and composed, is Mr. Robert Meyerheim's "When Snow and Ice are Gone" (1177), calves feeding near a river. Mr. James Laing's "Findhorn Bay, Forbes" (1184), is a charming study of a dark line of land between pale-blue sky and brilliant iridescent sea. One of the best landscapes here is Mr. James Gow's "Crossing the Moor" (1194), with its fine tones of dark blue and brown. Excellent in colour, and in our judgment much superior to the selection of the Council which hangs above it, is Mr. Walter Osborne's "A Bit of Old Dublin" (1222). Mr. Frank Short, the distinguished etcher, paints "The Breaking-up of the *Great Eastern*" (1226). Very bright and charming in its distribution of lines is Mr. Wilfrid Ball's "A Norfolk Mill" (1282). Other landscapes of more than common merit are Mr. Richardson's purple vision of "Patterdale" (1347), Mr. Arthur G. Bell's "On the River Taw" (1212) and "A North Devon Village" (1330), Mr. Hubert Coutts's "An Ancient Cross, County Meath" (1346), and Mr. R. Phené Spiers's "Queens' College, Cambridge" (1434).

The miniatures are less numerous than usual this year, and are contributed by a smaller number of exhibitors. The art of miniature does not seem to flourish in England, and the specimens of it which are exhibited show that lack of enthusiastic study and thorough training which follows inevitably on professional neglect. In particular, there seems to be no such thing among our miniaturists of to-day as high finish, in the old acceptance of the term. The details of eyes, lips, and fingers, those points which the old masters of miniature gave infinite care to, are little comprehended; these are left hard and wooden. Mr. Wells's large portrait of "Lady Coleridge" (1537) lacks the reserve and delicate art of Cosway, although it seems to be painted in rivalry of that master. There are five or six miniaturists whose work is seen at every exhibition of the Royal Academy. Of these, several are skilful practitioners, and, in particular, Mr. Henry C. Heath and Lord Bannet.

The Black and White Room contains a choice collection of etchings, drawings, and engravings, which seem very well arranged. Mr. Herkomer, we perceive, badgered by recent con-

trovery, has found a new name for what his persecutors will not allow him to call etchings. His "Shepherd" (1598) is styled "a monotype." Mr. Macbeth etches his own picture, "A Cast Shoe" (1601), and Mr. F. Short the drawing of the *Great Eastern*, of which we have spoken above (1590). We must call attention to a new work by the doyen of English line-engravers, Mr. Lumb Stocks, who exhibits a portrait of "Miss Katherine Stocks" (1634). The mezzotint engraving of the day is represented by Mr. T. G. Appleton's plate of "The Viscountess St. Asaph" (1698), after Hoppner.

#### THE WEATHER.

THE most remarkable feature of the week now under consideration has been its showeriness; but the falls, though heavy, have been very sporadic, and have not produced the desired result of changing the balance between supply and demand from the debit to the credit side of the account. We hear from the West of Ireland that everything is parched for want of rain, and in the West of Scotland the deficit up to Saturday last (the 18th) had almost reached nine inches, so that the rivers are nearly all dry. Otherwise the weather has been fairly reasonable, no intense heat and no remarkable degree of cold has been experienced, at least in these islands. Barometrical depressions of slight intensity, such as are usually accompanied by thunderstorms, have passed over us; and on almost every day thunderstorms have been reported at least from some part of the country. Sunday was the wettest day in London, the amounts collected in or about the metropolis varying from 0.85 in. to about one-half that amount. On that same day Sumburgh Head in the Shetlands reported as much as 2.6 inches of rain falling in a steady continuous downpour. On that day no other Scotch station, reporting to London, collected more than about a tenth of an inch. Monday was very wet in the South-west, Dorsetshire; and on Tuesday heavy falls occurred in some places—Nairn reported 0.88 in., Yarmouth, Liverpool, and Donaghadee each collected over half an inch, while Wick, North Shields, and Belmullet did not fall far short of that quantity. On Wednesday, also, more than half an inch fell along the North-East coast from York up to the Firth of Forth. As regards temperature, Friday the 17th was our hottest day, 82° being registered at Cambridge, and 81° both in London and at Loughborough. On every day during the week 70° has been reached at one or more of the British stations. The absolute highest record has been 97° at Perpignan, on Sunday, the day of our thunderstorms in London. The weather in Sweden has been very hot; at all the stations reporting to us the daily maximum has been above 70°, sometimes above 80°, and on Wednesday July 15 the thermometer at Hernösand even touched 91°. Sunshine has been fairly abundant. During the week ending July 18 Falmouth recorded 76 per cent. of the possible amount—namely, the sun was shining brightly for more than three-quarters of the time it was above the horizon.

#### THE COVENT GARDEN SEASON.

THE Covent Garden management is very fortunate in one respect. At this theatre, whatever is right. Surely no *impresario* was ever so beset with adulation as the enterprising tradesman who deals in opera at Bow Street. First, he is credited with a mixture of genius and philanthropy in running the opera at all. He is supposed to have rescued or revived a moribund art by the sheer exertion of his own brilliant talents, and we are to be vastly grateful. Then, he does the thing so splendidly. Never were so many "unprecedented casts," such "magnificent mounting," such "ideal stage-management" as his. Now, we have no wish to be ungracious to Sir Augustus Harris and his efforts, but it is time all this nonsense was dropped. In the first place, to talk of reviving the most popular of all arts—that which people will pay the most money to enjoy—is rubbish. It had fallen into disfavour simply because it was badly done. Two sopranos were allowed to run away with all the money, and you cannot give opera with two sopranos only. If anybody "revived" it at all, it was Signor Lago, whose success may have given his rival the idea. And, in the second place, no one who really understands what opera ought to be can pretend to be satisfied with Sir A. Harris's management. We give him full credit for everything that he has done, and have always been willing to treat his operatic venture with all the indulgence which a young and spirited enterprise may fairly claim. But we have now had several years of it, so the time for indulgence is past. The present is Sir A. Harris's fifth season, and not one of the conditions that would have stamped him as an artistic *impresario* has been fulfilled.



We revert now to the points mentioned last week in our notice on *Otello*, and propose to justify our assertions. The first point was want of discrimination in forming an operatic company. The failure of the manager's first season in the Jubilee year was attributed mainly to the fact of his having entrusted agents with engaging artists for him. *Il a juré, mais trop tard, qu'on ne l'y prendrait plus*; henceforth, so it was heralded, he would make all the engagements himself; he would see artists on the stage, give hearings, look out for fresh talents and rising stars, and trust only his own judgment. These excellent intentions have paved for him the way—to Paris, as ever since his idea of getting artists seems to have been to run over there and engage all who have achieved a reputation. In other words, instead of the promised explorer, we have but a tradesman who buys only the article that has already a market value; and that tradesman, not being a specialist, is made to pay for it. Sometimes the manager does not get his artists from Paris; he snatches the successful ones on the spot from a rival manager. Either mode of engagement is impractical. First of all, as the manager ought to know, a Continental reputation does not go a long way with our audiences, and we could mention in his case alone a dozen instances where a foreign celebrity has learnt the cruel lesson. And then, *cui bono* secure an artist at a long price, or rather at a great risk without the least guarantee?

In the second case, though a previous success here may be a good guarantee, the question arises (1) whether the game is worth the candle; (2) how to employ an artist once you have got him. If we recollect the number of unsatisfactory performances because "wobblers" were permitted to appear, because light sopranos were allowed to sing dramatic parts, baritones bass parts, and sopranos contralto parts, we shall have not only justified our first grievance—that connected with the formation of a company—but also added the reproach of incompetence in the fitting of holes with proper pegs.

Our second point is the *mise en scène*, with its corollaries, the *mise en œuvre* and the *mise à point*. The reigning idea in Covent Garden seems to be that staging means furbishing up old scenery, crowding the stage with extra choruses, horses and supers, or getting costumes from Milan. That is neither here nor there; too much and not enough—*ce n'est pas cela, et c'est autrement fait*. Without going to Paris or Vienna to learn a lesson, we have to walk but a few yards to see performances at other theatres, where, despite every disadvantage accruing from exiguity of space, the thing is done well, and the staging first-rate. We will not expatiate here, however, any longer; a *mise en scène* is but an accessory, a sauce that will not make you put up with a bad *ragoût*; and we could enjoy more than one opera—*Don Giovanni*, *Otello*, *Fidelio*, *Barbiere*, &c.—even played in a barn. If we speak of the point at all, it is because so much has been made of it by people who either have seen no better or, when they saw it, did not know. *Quos ego!* The fact is that, with a performance every day, and constant changes of operas and casts, there is no time in Covent Garden for the work that a serious *mise en scène* necessitates, and, consequently, never anything approaching it has been seen, or even attempted, there.

Nor—and that is one of our principal grievances—is there sufficient time for rehearsals. How many rehearsals were given to *Mefistofele* revived after three years? The *Meistersinger*, that Gothic monument—how many rehearsals were given to that work? Might not the artists have said:—"Bisogna essere sfacciati per andare in scena con una prova del *Mefistofele*?" The lack of rehearsals is patent to all opera-goers in every detail of any performance; the din in the orchestra, the absence of *nuances*, the coarseness of the choruses, the cues missed, the prompter audible in the gallery, the long waits, and what not. Then the lack of discipline is shocking; it is enough to draw attention to the constant hubbub behind the wings, to the unshaven faces and dirty hands of the chorus-singers.

However serious these grievances may be, they fade into insignificance before one—the poverty of the repertory. One novelty every year is the cardinal condition imposed in every lyric theatre by the subscribers, or the municipality, or the State. It will be objected here that Continental theatres are subsidized. Very well; but no yearly subsidy anywhere is anything like the subscription Mr. Harris gets for his hardly three-monthly season. Now Mr. Gye and Mr. Mapleson have enriched our repertory. Even the economical Signor Lago has managed to give in his second season *La Vie pour le Czar*. Well, Sir A. Harris has been with us for five years, and he has not given us a single novelty. And there is a long list to choose from:—*Ascanio*, *Le Cid*, *Le Mage*, *Esclarmonde*, *Samson et Dalila*, *Patrice*, *Salammbo*, *Gwendoline*; *Die Königin von Saba*, *Merlin*, *Der Trompeter von Säckingen*, *Hans Heiling*, *Faust*; *Amanti di Teruel*; *Ruy Blas*, *Isora di Provenza*, *Ero e Leandro*, *Le Villi*, *Flora Mirabilis*, *Cavalleria Rusticana*; *Rognieda*, *Eugenii Oniegin*, *Halka*, &c. We could

name a hundred, but those named would suffice to illustrate more seasons than the manager will probably care to devote his energies to, and, what is more important, would enhance the reputation of Covent Garden as one of the foremost theatres in the lyric world.

Now that we have stated the evil, we will oblige the *impresario* with a remedy. The most important thing for an *impresario* is not to get a lot of artists first and then let them do more or less as they please, but to arrange a repertory first, and engage an ensemble of suitable artists afterwards. That is the whole secret, and the long and short of it. An *impresario* who knows the taste of the public—if he does not, he is not an *impresario*—and studies it, keeps himself well posted up in operatic literature, and experiences no difficulty in making a repertory. When he has done this, he uses his judgment in the choice of interpreters, and very often a well-chosen nucleus of second-rate artists makes a first-rate performance. These artists ought to be on the spot a month before the season begins, and ought to rehearse diligently their respective operas. If this entails extra expense, it is sure to be compensated by results in the immediate future, and may go a long way towards dispensing with stars, their pretensions, and their extravagant salaries. That is all. But an *impresario* who studies his public, cares about its favour, knows the operatic literature, is an artist himself, and has judgment, is a rare specimen. Merelli, Mr. Sims Reeves's Italian *impresario*, and his son were so. Sir Augustus Harris is not.

#### BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

MR. WALTER FRITH'S one-act piece, *Molière*, was produced at the St. James's Theatre late last week, on the occasion of the closing of Mr. George Alexander's prosperous season. It proved to be an artificial if promising little drama, dealing mainly with the death-struggles of the great French dramatist. Molière was not blessed with a prudent wife. But even the most credulous theatre-goer is not likely to place faith in Mr. Frith's curious idea that just before he died the illustrious author of *Tartufe* acted an interminable scene from *Georges Dandin*, in order to convert his wife and to confound her lover. Mr. Frith's Molière played surprisingly well for one who but an instant before he started his dramatic performance was extracted from a sedan-chair in an expiring condition. However, as in *Hamlet*, the play "makes mad the guilty" in a most satisfactory manner. The haughty Marquis is immediately confounded, and leaves the stage with undesirable language on his lips; and Mlle. Molière falls penitent and tearful into the arms of the dying and forgiving husband. The dialogue is unfortunately surcharged with French idioms, words, and sentences. Since we do not speak of the king and queen of France as *le roi* and *la reine*, there can be no reason why a marquis in a play, the scene of which is laid in France, should be constantly addressed in the third person as M. le Marquis—"Monsieur le Marquis will kindly take a chair," says one character; "Madame will presently join Monsieur le Marquis," &c. The play was indifferently acted. Mr. George Alexander, made-up to look like the later portraits of Molière, was never convincing. Nor was Miss Marion Terry particularly effective as Armande. Her costume was splendid enough for Mme. de Sévigné, and doubtless she played the spinnet—a very disagreeable and twangy instrument—properly; but otherwise she had very little to do except look extremely elegant, and in this she succeeded to admiration. Mr. Webster was the bad Marquis, and Mr. Herbert Waring a loquacious and virtuous doctor.

A little play entitled *The Sequel*, produced at the Vaudeville this week, is worthy of commendation. It is by Mr. Louis N. Parker, and, although rather depressing so far as the plot is concerned, it is well put together and powerfully written, the dialogue throughout being particularly good. Clarissa is a lady who has run away from a bad husband with a fascinating lord. They select for their "honeymoon," if we may so call it, the lovely Greek island called Santorin; and here they live very happily, until the lord gets tired of Clarissa, who, overhearing him tell a friend that he wishes she had "passed away long since," quietly obliges him by taking poison. In the hands of Miss Alma Murray, who acts exceedingly well, Clarissa becomes quite a possible and interesting person. Mr. Phelps Cunningham is excellent as Lord Harry, and Mr. C. Fawcett is successful in creating interest for a certain Jack Foljamb, described as Lord Harry's "chum." This piece is followed by *The Mischief Maker*, which has been much improved, and is now a successful and amusing farcical comedy.

Had Mr. Leonard Outram selected a pleasanter or more dramatic plot for the display of his command of blank verse, he would have scored a success. His tragedy, *A Mighty Error*, is founded on Robert Browning's *In a Balcony*, and is well-

constructed, interesting, and admirably written. It is, moreover, remarkably well acted by Mr. Outram and Miss Frances Ivor. Before this piece a *lever de rideau* is now being played at the Avenue, entitled *A Summer Dream*. It is written by Miss Rose Miller, and is an amateurish but rather graceful trifle, in which Mrs. Bennett plays charmingly.

We have nothing but praise for Mr. Malcolm C. Salaman's pretty duologue, *Both Sides of the Question*, which was delightfully played by Miss Lucia Harwood, who graduated—did she not?—from the Lyceum. At any rate, we think we once saw her play a child's part at that theatre not many years ago. We shall hope to see her again soon, for she quite won the hearts of her audience at Steinway Hall on Tuesday afternoon, where Mr. Salaman's admirable little piece was first produced.

Miss Ellen Terry takes her annual benefit at the Lyceum this evening in *Much Ado About Nothing*. Our foremost actress has worked hard this season and created one new part—Nance Oldfield—the charm of which will last enduringly in the memories of all who have had the fortune to behold her play it. When next we see Miss Terry it will be as the sorrow-stricken but heroic Catharine of Aragon. Meantime she will enjoy a brief and much-needed holiday, and then the provinces will be delighted to welcome her on her annual "progress." To her we say *Salve et vale* most cordially.

Mr. Forbes Robertson is going to America to play Coquelin's part in *Thermidor*. On his return at Christmas he will appear at the Lyceum as Buckingham in *Henry VIII*.

The concluding lines of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's article on the drama in the *New Review* are an epitome of its sense and taste. A lady once said, it seems, to Mr. Jones, "I always place the Church second to the Stage." "Madam," said Mr. Jones, "why do you not put the Stage first?"—which means, we presume, why not place the *Dancing Girl* on a level with the Book of Job and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones among the Prophets! Both Mr. Pinero and Mr. Jones are going to publish their plays in book form.

A weird musical critic remarks that in *Otello* M. Jean de Reszke "does not startle us with those *uts de poitrine* that nearly broke the tympanum of our ears at the Lyceum." There is only one objection to be made to this sagacious remark. On referring to the score of Verdi's masterpiece, it will be seen that the *ut* in question is only introduced once, in the last act.

We can merely record this week the production of *Miss Decima* at the Criterion Theatre. Mr. F. C. Burnand and Mr. Percy Reeves, who have collaborated in rendering *Miss Helyett* into English, are to be congratulated. They have performed their task to admiration. The music, by M. Audran, is very pretty. Since Stella Colas took the town by storm in the "sixties," no foreign actress, speaking English, has achieved so sudden and legitimate a triumph as Mlle. Nesville, who acts and sings the part of Decima. She is a consummate actress, and sings charmingly. Mr. David James is very droll as an American, and Miss M. A. Victor indescribably funny as a ferocious Senhora.

#### MME. CARYLL'S CONCERT.

MME. ZOË CARYLL gave her Second Annual Concert on Thursday last. Her programme was most attractive. The concert was opened with a Trio in B flat (Rubinstein) for Piano-forte, Violin, and Violoncello, wherein Mme. Zoë Caryll, M. Johannes Wolff, and M. Joseph Hollman distinguished themselves. Mr. Barton McGuckin's powerful voice came out well in A. Goring Thomas's "O vision entrancing!" from *Esmeralda*. Mme. Albani enchanted the audience with "Caro nome," and Mlle. Clementine de Vere sang "Ombra leggera" with good execution. M. Edouard de Reszke used his grand voice and finished style to advantage in "Si j'étais roi" (Bottesini); whilst his rendering of M. de Nevers's fine song, "Love in a Gondola," showed that he thoroughly appreciated its music and distinct character. The Meister glee-singers were in their usual good form. M. Johannes Wolff executed a Polonaise on the violin with much spirit, and M. Joseph Hollman's Aria, by Bach, and "Am Springbrunnen," by Davidoff, on the violoncello, were greeted with great applause. At the end of the first part, Mme. Jane May, most ably assisted by Mme. Schmidt and M. Claude Berton fils, was very graceful and vivacious in *L'Étincelle*; a play by which, however, the majority of the English public seemed puzzled when it was first seen here with Delaunay and Samary, and which certainly puzzled many people at St. James's Hall, who testified to their bewilderment in an uncourteous manner.

#### THE JEREMIAD OF JEREMIAH.

TISN'T often that I rise  
At the voting of Supplies,  
And but seldom explanations do I call for;  
But to-night I can't forbear,  
In the name of County Clare,  
To protest against the rule of Mr. B-lf-r.

I was shaking, understand,  
An evicted tenant's hand,  
As becomes a friend and counsellor and warden,  
When, in turning from the lad,  
What d'ye think I saw? Bedad!  
'Twas a p'liceman on the other side of J-rd-n.

So I'm taking off my coat  
To oppose the Castle vote,  
For J-rd-n is an awkward bhoy to tackle;  
And I'm rolling up my sleeve,  
As the Guv'mint may perceive,  
For J-rd-n is an awkward bhoy to tackle, I believe.

There are members who can chaff,  
And discredibly laugh  
(Or it seems so from the sounds of cachinnation),  
At Removables whose ban  
Puts such slights upon a man  
Of your humble servant's elevated station.

There are outrages galore,  
I could cite them by the score,  
I could tell you—though to mention names is risky—  
How they fined those sturdy bricks,  
Honest tradesmen twenty-six,  
For refusing the Constabulary whisky.  
And I'm taking off my coat, &c.

I could quote that worst of cases,  
The affair of the bootlaces,  
Though I fear that the recital would be fruitless;  
You must sell them, so they say,  
To a man who cannot pay  
For the purchase of a solitary bootlace.

I could tell you what befell  
Father Gilligan as well—  
He's a parish priest who ought to be a canon—  
How they had him up, no less,  
For delivering an address  
To the people from the middle of the Shannon.  
And I'm taking off my coat, &c.

The deeds of C-e-l R-che  
Form a thayne I won't approach,  
Or my attitude would cease to be judicial;  
And though there's many a charge  
Upon which I might enlarge,  
'Gainst that brutal and tyrannical official.

The one thing I cannot stand  
Is that that accursed band  
Of the creatures of the Castle and its bounty  
Should actually dare  
To take such offensive care  
Of the honourable mumber for the county.

So I've taken off my coat  
To oppose the Castle vote,  
For J-rd-n is an awkward bhoy to tackle;  
And I'm tucking up my sleeve  
The same object to achieve,  
For J-rd-n is an awkward bhoy to tackle, I believe.

#### REVIEWS.

##### MR. HERBERT SPENCER ON JUSTICE.\*

ALL Mr. Herbert Spencer's friends, and all students who can understand and respect the devotion of a lifetime to one continuous work, must be ready to join us in congratulating him on the notable improvement in health which has enabled him to complete this volume. Mr. Spencer's own words in the preface are full authority for saying thus much in public. Next, let us

\* *Justice: being Part IV. of the Principles of Ethics.* By Herbert Spencer. London: Williams & Norgate, 1891.



thank Mr. Spencer for introducing us to some of the best dog and cat stories we have ever met with. They will be found in the modest retirement of Appendix D, and are intended for the final confusion of those persons who maintain that animals have no sense of right and wrong. We have ourselves great difficulty in understanding how this position can be maintained by any one of ordinary intelligence who has ever enjoyed the friendship of a dog, or been honoured by the distinguished esteem of a cat. Mr. Herbert Spencer's correspondent, Mr. T. Mann Jones of Northam in Devonshire, will now sufficiently pose the *à priori* moralists who deny "animal ethics." Mr. Jones, let us add, is a careful observer. He has had a dog with a real conscience, who will not steal under temptation, and a bitch with a false or conventional conscience, induced by fear, who taught the cat to steal bones and pretended to blame the cat if they were interrupted. This last story has a quaint head-line that seems to have strayed out of a spelling primer: "Simulation of indignation at the ought being set at nought by a cat." Was the ought set at nought? Did the dog or the cat set the ought at nought? It was the dog that made the cat set it at nought. It was a bad cat to set the ought at nought—and a worse dog. The deliberate fraud and hypocrisy seem hardly credible, but Mr. Mann Jones vouches for the performance having been observed several times. Mr. Jones has also an excellent story of his dog (the father of the good dog above mentioned) and his pony taking him home through a fog which wholly perplexed human faculties. The dog put his nose to the ground, the pony put his nose close to the dog's back, the man let the pony go as he pleased, and they got home without a mistake. Dog and pony thereupon congratulated one another by a great rubbing of noses.

As regards the main body of this volume, it is a summing-up and restatement in special applications of principles which Mr. Herbert Spencer has enounced on sundry former occasions. At some points, indeed, he expressly refers us to other works for the full development of his arguments. This being so, we shall not now be expected to discuss Mr. Spencer's theory of "the limits of State-duties." It will be no news to most of our readers that Mr. Spencer is equally shocked by the provision of free museums and libraries for his fellow-citizens, and by the omission to provide them with free litigation; and we should hardly think that further argument is desired on the topic.

On the point of legal expenses we are disposed to think that there is a class of "test cases," brought into court for the purpose of settling questions of general importance, in which it might be safe and equitable for the costs to be borne by the State upon the certificate of the judge who tried the cause. In these cases, however, the parties concerned are as a rule both able and willing to pay. The real grievances of suitors are vexatious resistance to obviously just claims, which up to a certain point is very common, though seldom carried to the extremity of trial and judgment, and the vexatious prosecution of obviously frivolous claims, which is not very uncommon. Neither of these can be effectually mended without doing worse injustice to genuine claims and defences, or mending human nature. But Mr. Spencer, as it seems to us, is always tacitly assuming that human nature need not be reckoned with. The Spencerian individual man is reasonable, and is spoiled only by the meddling of a blundering monster called the State. It may seem a strange thing to say of a man who has worked so hard as Mr. Spencer to establish and develop the idea of organic evolution in both individual and social life; yet so it is that his philosophy of the State is at bottom an eighteenth-century philosophy, and the modern forms with which it is served up are mere garnish. Doubtless Mr. Spencer would both stoutly and sincerely deny this; but that does not prevent it from being true. For the rest, we are far from holding eighteenth-century ways of looking at things to be wholly contemptible or out of date. Just now they are getting in most quarters less than their fair share, and we are rather pleased than not when they find a conscious or unconscious champion of Mr. Herbert Spencer's quality.

Lawyers have not been accustomed to fare over well at Mr. Herbert Spencer's hands; but they have every reason to be content with his results in this volume, for his philosophical conclusions concerning social justice are almost always in close accordance with the principles of the Common Law. Moreover he is readier and franker than most moralists in admitting that on some points, such as freedom of contract, "the law is in advance of the average opinion." Again he does well to justify the law against its own ministers when he speaks of "the uproar of Salvation Army processions" being "permitted with contemptible weakness by our authorities." May not people, then, use their own forms of worship at will in a free country? Yes, says Mr. Spencer, "so long as they do not inflict nuisances on neighbouring people." He could not have said better. And so says the law too.

Whatever Socialist tendencies appeared in *Social Statics* are now expressly renounced by Mr. Spencer. He regards Socialism as the mere counter-excess of despotism or oligarchy. "In past times the arrangements made were such that the few superior profited at the expense of the many inferior. It is now proposed to make arrangements such that the many inferior shall profit at the expense of the few superior. And just as the old social system was assumed by those who maintained it to be equitable, so is this new social system assumed to be equitable by those who propose it. Being, as they think, undoubtedly right, this distribution may properly be established by force; for the employment of force, if not avowedly contemplated, is contemplated by

implication. . . . A system established in pursuance of this doctrine would entail degeneration of citizens and decay of the community formed by them." The land question is dealt with in a special appendix. Mr. Spencer points out that probably the whole "prairie value" of English land has already been distributed to the landless inhabitants of England in the shape of Poor-law relief charged on the land in the hands of its owners and occupiers for the time being. Whether such distribution has done on the whole more good or harm is not material to this argument.

The general notion of Justice from which Mr. Spencer professes to deduce the principles of just government and laws is "the liberty of each limited only by the like liberties of all." Thus "every man is free to do that which he wills, provided he infringes not the equal freedom of any other man." This is, of course, very much like Kant's definition of right by "the limitation of the freedom of any individual to the extent of its agreement with the freedom of all other individuals, in so far as this is possible by a universal law" (we adopt Mr. Hastie's translation in *Kant's Principles of Politics*, Edin. 1891). Mr. Spencer's expression is the neater; he arrived at it, he tells us, independently, and became aware of the coincidence only within the last few years. We must accept with regret Mr. Spencer's statement that he cannot read German, yet he reports in a note on another page a conversation overheard by him between two Germans. Were they speaking English? Or will some critic of the future prove that there were two Mr. Spencers? In deprecating a merely negative interpretation of his conception as if it were nothing but a formula of restraint, and insisting on the positive element, the right to freedom of action, as the primary one, Mr. Spencer is perfectly in accord with Savigny, whose authority in this field is perhaps even greater than Kant's. As regards the historical development of particular forms of justice, we think Mr. Spencer has not sufficiently marked the fact that the growth has been, within historical times, one of extension rather than intension. Property, security of the person, reputation, had their value clearly enough recognized long before it was admitted that people outside one's own clan or nation had any rights in respect of them. The development in quite modern times of new forms of property in such incorporeal things as copyright and trademarks is another subject, and a fascinating one. It is too special, however, to be fairly within the scope of Mr. Herbert Spencer's book, or, on this occasion, our own.

Upon one point we feel bound to be critical. It is unfortunate that a serious writer dealing with semi-legal topics should abuse terms which have a definite meaning among men of business as well as lawyers. Lien has nothing to do with the claim of a banker's customer on his balance, and "interdict" is not a general synonym of "prohibition." Also Mr. Spencer often writes as if he forgot the existence of civil remedies for wrongs. He is free to maintain if he likes that all wrongs ought to be criminal offences; it is not a position to be assumed without argument.

#### STORIES.\*

IF a list were made of all the recent novels which begin well, seeming to promise a bright, lively, interesting story about reasonably pleasing persons, and which fall off when the story is well afoot, and break that promise in a melancholy manner, it would be a long list, and *The Three Miss Kings* would be in it. Orphans they were, and their graceful and athletic forms "had never worn stays," because they had lived all alone with their somewhat morose papa in a comfortable and romantically situated cottage in the colony of Victoria, overlooking the Pacific Ocean. They had read heaps of books, and could play the piano beautifully—one of them with transcendent genius—and they were extremely unsophisticated, and had about three hundred a year, and had made up their minds to go and see the world, beginning with Melbourne. So far they are rather fresh and entertaining, but alas! before they were 83 pages older, one of them was flirting with a somewhat scrubby and disagreeably high-souled journalist, in a manner which could (and did) lead only to marriage, and another had fallen in with a most detestable prig, who wandered

\* *The Three Miss Kings*. A Novel. By Ada Cambridge, Author of "A Marked Man." London: William Heinemann.

*Red Letter Stories—Balaam and His Master; and other Sketches and Stories*. By John Chandler Harris, Author of "Uncle Remus; his Songs and his Sayings" &c. London: Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co. 1891.

*Colonel Carter of Cartersville*. By F. Hopkinson Smith. With Illustrations by E. W. Kemble and the Author. London: Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co. 1891.

*The Wild Man of the Woods: a Story of the Island of Sumatra*. Translated from the French of Elie Berthet. New edition. London: Seeley & Co. 1891.

*Wrecked; or, Four Years in a Cave*. By the Author of "Only a Dog." With Illustrations. London: Seeley & Co. 1891.

*The Next Thing Series—A Golden Silence*. By Mrs. George Powell. *The Work of a Witch*. By M. Hook. *Leather Mill Farm*. By Henley J. Arden. *The First Turning*. By J. E. A. Brown. *A Good Investment*. By the Author of "Ruth Halliday." *Shoulder to Shoulder*. By Lance Falconer. *Annie Parker's Wedding Dress*. By Melicent Wyan. *Out for the Day*. By Petrel. *Miss Giraldstone's Mother*. By M. Dal Vero. *Nothing to Learn*. By Hope Carlyon. *Grannie's Story*. By Ella Stone. *With None to Help*. By C. M. Hallett. London: Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh.

about the world considering how he could best promote the welfare of the human race, and whose delinquencies are, perhaps, sufficiently revealed by the circumstance that he boasted of not being at all irreligious, but of having "given up churchism." When he took the eldest Miss King back to the magnificent estate and ancient mansion in England which was comprised in their marriage settlement, they determined that they ought to share these delights with their poorer neighbours by turning their park into market-gardens and pasture-farms. But, to do them justice, they do not appear to have practised what they thought they knew. With the appearance in the story of this insufferable person—whose tongue was as long as his ears—it becomes commonplace in the extreme, even to the point of wills and other documents being discovered in the secret drawer of a bureau, converting the Miss Kings with three hundred a year into Miss Yelvertons with about thirty thousand. This was a great piece of luck for the scrubby journalist, especially as the young ladies had a manslaughterer not far back in their family history, and generally everything handsome about them. Miss (or Mrs.) Cambridge makes rather free with the English language, and talks a good deal of nonsense about the Modern Spirit and Humanitarianism and other cant, such as the modern half-educated person loves—not for its own sake, but because he (and she) thinks it the correct thing to love it. And thus a story to which decent honours might have been accorded if the standard of the opening chapters had been maintained sinks into one which, to continue the scholastic metaphor, might be "allowed the ordinary degree" by a merciful examiner, but certainly nothing more.

Two little books about citizens of the Southern United States, some white and some black, reach us together, and each of them is rather good. One—to which precedence is due—bears on its title-page the honoured name of Harris; not the Mr. Harris who is distinguished from the ruck of latter-day prophets by having had the honour of doing business with Mr. Laurence Oliphant, but that incomparably superior Mr. Harris to whom the wise and good will always be grateful for his introduction to them of Uncle Remus, Brer Rabbit, and Miss Meadows. To say that his present collection of stories has nothing in it like the tar-baby or the race with Brer Tarrypin is not to say that they do not contain some excellent reading. There are only half a dozen of them, and they are all neatly told, and vividly suggestive of pictures whose accuracy we are content to accept on Uncle Remus's authority. Some readers will prefer one and some another. "Where's Duncan?" is short, powerful, and grim. "The Old Bascom Place" is the longest, and has a good deal in it that is pathetic. "A Conscript's Christmas" is not especially likely to interest English readers. "Ananias" is, to our thinking, the pick of the basket. It is difficult to forgive even Mr. (Remus) Harris for "maneuvers." It means "manœuvres." Perish copyright rather than that such lewdness should be openly perpetrated in these islands!

Colonel Carter of Cartersville is a sketch of an old-fashioned Virginian gentleman some years after the war. He combines some exceedingly picturesque and amiable qualities with a degree of folly and incapacity about practical business which, we fear, would make him intolerably exasperating as an actual companion. Meaning no harm, he was capable of borrowing anything from anybody, and as incapable of meeting his legal obligations as of doing anything which he considered inhospitable or ungentlemanlike. He talked what appears to an outsider to be very much the same jargon as Mr. (Remus) Harris's niggers. "Suh" for "sir," "yo" for "your," and "vey" for "very" fell from the Colonel constantly, and he made as great a point of omitting his final g's as if he had been "in society" three or four years ago. There is a very good faithful nigger in the story, and an Irishman, whose undue indulgence of the Colonel's foibles came near to ruining him. The reader is clearly intended to regard the old gentleman with affection; but it would be easier to do so if he were a little more honest in his pecuniary dealings. The illustrations, which are not full-page, are of more than average merit.

Two rather wearisome and unnecessarily improbable books "for boys" are *The Wild Man of the Woods* and *Wrecked*. The former principally concerns an orang-outang which stole a boy five years old and kept him a prisoner in its family in the recesses of a primeval forest for some years. The boy's mother died of disgust, but his father went into training and became a mighty hunter, and prowled about in search of orang-outangs until he found their settlement, when he brought a hostile expedition against them, and after a general engagement, with considerable loss of life on both sides, succeeded in bringing away his interesting offspring. *Wrecked* is a particularly tiresome story about a Robinson Crusoe of fifteen or so. He was saved from the wreck by a dog, of which operation there is a picture on the cover. When will cheap book illustrators learn that the human head is of greater specific gravity than water, and that no such organ, however little brains it may contain, can possibly float on the surface of the ocean? The most pleasing (and instructive) passage in the story is an account of how, after a thunderstorm, the hero saw a number of "dead birds which had either been struck by lightning or had died of terror."

Twelve little books, in "attractive"—that is to say, tricoloured, yellow, black, and red—"covers," named as below, the first six having each 96 and the last six each 48 "pages Feap. 8vo. Illustrated," compose "The Next Thing Series." They are designed

for young girls going out to service and the like, and they are exceedingly moral and sensible as well as, on the whole, rather pretty little stories. The tone, it need hardly be said, is religious, but perhaps not too obtrusively so. They seem to be excellently designed for the purpose of combining useful instruction and suggestions with moderate entertainment. The odd thing about them is their exceedingly close resemblance one to another in style. One would say confidently that they were by the same hand; but there is a different name on the title-page of each. Of course it is not beyond the power of the imagination to conceive that "Petrel," "Henley J. Arden," "Lance Falconer," and "Hope Carlyon" might possibly be fewer than four ladies; but, if they and the other eight were altogether only two, one would still congratulate them on the uniformity of their work, as far as the manner of it goes. There is variety enough in the stories, none of which aims at or achieves anything much above or below the literary merit usual in works of this class.

#### CRITICISM AND FICTION.\*

IF Sultaun Solimaun of Serendib is still alive (and he probably is, for he was adopted, if not created, by one whose touch, though Mr. W. D. Howells does not think so, gave immortality), he need trouble himself no more. The object of the Search after Happiness is found. "As I have before expressed," says Mr. Howells, "to the still reverberating discontent of two continents, fiction is now a finer art," &c. Only think of the quiver of inner delight with which the author must have written these words! Milton (Mr. John) was thought to sin a little in the direction of *outrecaudance* when he talked of Europe ringing from side to side about an eloquent, if rather treasonable, pamphlet of his. But what is setting Europe ringing to making two continents discontented? It is no ordinary writer that can do that; no common shock will extend so far East and West. The earthquake of Mr. Howells's criticism runs through either hemisphere; Mr. Howells's writ will run here where Presidents and there where Queens may order and none care for them. It is a singular and touching fact that this oecumenical document should have been almost coincident in its emission with the concession of copyright. No doubt they thought over there that, with identity of discipleship, with joint crouching under the same lash, equal rights should follow. "No floggee and robbee too."

We do not exactly know whether the deliverances on the subject of criticism and fiction which Messrs. Osgood have here reprinted are all old. They appear in a very pretty and pocketable little volume with print somewhat small, but not exclusively American. "Spectre" greets us (who, according to Mr. Howells, "love spectres"), whereas "spekter" is surely the correcter American form. However, "favor," more hideous than any "spekter," stands hard by. But we say we do not know whether the contents are a mere reproduction of the lucubrations, or some of them, with which Mr. Howells has made two continents ring through the trump of *Harper*, or whether he has specially rearranged the blasts of that dread horn for the purpose. We recognize some of them, and that is enough.

It was desirable to have them in some collected form, not only for convenience of reference, but also as a guarantee of good faith. So long as Mr. Howells did not publish them together, it could always be contended that he was making jests at us monthly—that it was only his f-f-f-f-un. It would be unjust to suppose him capable of extracting the dullest parts of these jokes and putting them together in a solemn little tractate for the guidance of the American critic and "fictionist" still as a jest, and indeed the whole tone of this work of his negatives any such ill-natured theory. If anybody was ever deeply and unmistakably in earnest, Mr. Howells is here. We have what the late M. Scherer was so fond of detecting and denouncing, a "these"—a thesis in many parts, mature, deliberate, desperately serious. We learn how "the race has gained in America a height never reached before"; how "American life is getting represented with unexampled fullness in imaginative literature" [we leave it to American life to protest]; how Thackeray was a "caricaturist"; how we must hunt "the aristocratic spirit" out of its "last refuge," which is, it seems, aesthetics. We are bidden to scorn "the foolish joy of mere fable"; we are told how "there are hopes of real usefulness" [Philistia, be thou glad of Mr. Howells!] in literature; how "some strong sketch of Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke's, or some perfectly satisfying study of Miss Jewett's, or some graphic situation of Miss Wilkins's" is "very fine art." We hear that we must "feel in every nerve the equality of things and the unity of men" [a hideous torture to which that of water was nothing]; that we "cannot keep terms with Jack the Giant Killer or Puss in Boots" [indeed, we wish they had been "up" with us, and acknowledge that they were not]. We are instructed, *ex cathedra Novo-Eboracensi*, how Scott, besides committing a hundred other faults, wrote "to a generation duller than this" [e.g. Canning, Sydney Smith, Byron, Coleridge, De Quincey—we cite at random and one of a hundred], and how his readers "ought to be instructed how false and mistaken he is with his mediæval ideas,

\* *Criticism and Fiction*. By W. D. Howells. London: Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co. 1891.



his blind Jacobitism, his intense devotion to royalty and aristocracy." Suppose we are not Scottites but Balzacians. Then Balzac shall be horsed next. "*Le Père Goriot* is not worthy the name of novel." The ordinary American critic, one is next glad to learn, though a poor creature, is not so bad considering that he inherits "the false theory and bad manners of the English school," which manners are very bad indeed. There is, however, one righteous man in our British Sodom, Canon Farrar to wit, who told his wicked countrymen their fact, and with whom Mr. Howells quite agrees. After a great deal of second-hand stuff from Señor Valdés and Señor Valera, which we could have done without, we learn that Mr. Howells admires Miss Austen. Optime! but we think of the man who thought himself like Shakspeare and tremble. We hear with some surprise that "the English have mind enough." This is almost like Victor Hugo's handsome expressions about "*le bon dieu*," and inclines us to wind up the list by acknowledging as handsomely that on the "young person" debate, and one or two other matters, Mr. Howells is a very sensible man.

The majority, however, of the utterances which we have strung together, and which we might, but that such stringings get tedious, have doubled or trebled in number, are, if less sensible, more interesting. We ourselves have seldom spent a pleasanter hour than in reading them over, and we cannot help wondering more than ever why anybody should take the trouble to get angry with Mr. Howells, or rudely to dance and tripudiate on him, as some Englishmen have done. It is not recorded that that celebrated people, the Spartans, whipped their helots for playing the part assigned to them; and only the most brutal of savages pelt those who make them sport. If Mr. Howells did not exist, it would be almost impossible to invent him, and his type is simply invaluable. He is the before-mentioned helot of the modern craze for liberty, education, and such things; the apotheosis of the Liberal Board-school boy. He is extremely clever, and, in a certain limited and gappy sense, we should imagine him to be tolerably well read in the most modern literature. It would not seem that he knows much of early modern classics, and we should take it as nearly certain that he knows very little indeed, at first hand, of the classics of antiquity. He supplies these wants, and, indeed, prevents any consciousness of them in his own case, by certain fixed ideas of the patriotic, the political, and the literature-à-la M. Jossé kind. There is no literature like fiction, and no fiction like American fiction; there is no political state like democracy, and no democracy like that of Uncle Sam. With the curious naïveté of his type—the clever Board-school type already referred to—he makes not the least secret of these things. Insular criticism is of course to be ruled out; but any of the Continental critics whom Mr. Howells condescends to admire will tell him that such remarks as those above referred to, about the aristocratic spirit, about Scott's Jacobitism, and so forth, are so initially, radically, and all-pervasively uncritical that no man's critical deliverances can be taken account of as other than a curious monstrosity while he allows himself to make them. We, for instance, differ from the political and religious views of the late M. Victor Hugo and the living Mr. Swinburne as strongly as Mr. Howells can possibly differ from the Jacobitism of Scott; but we think that Mr. Swinburne and that Hugo have produced some of the finest poetry of the last half-century in expression of those very views which we think foolish and mischievous. We have never read an American novel of the first or even one high in the second class; but if such a one appeared, we should no more think of asking whether it were a satire on democracy or a panegyric thereof than we think of inquiring into the politics of the Marquis de Lur Saluces when we drink Château Yquem or the religion of MM. de Rothschild when we drink Château Mouton. Classics and romantics, analysts and sagamen, surely all agree, when they are in their right minds, that such considerations are to be excluded. But Mr. Howells, so far from excluding them, is always dragging them in. We could argue with him quite comfortably and profitably the question whether it is better to yawn or to flush over a book, whether a good knowledge of history and a good knowledge of human nature do not make the talk about "one generation" being "duller" than another suggest the conversation of a certain weasel with his grandmother, and whether the strong-sketching Mrs. Rose T. Cooke, the perfectly satisfying Miss Jewett, and Miss Wilkins of the graphic situation had not better be compared and referred a little before receiving these glowing tributes. But Mr. Howells would not meet us in the same spirit. He can talk of none of these things without being troubled by a hideous suspicion that there is an aristocrat lurking in this corner, a desperate royalist to rout out of that, and without breaking off to plant and flourish the star-spangled banner on those "highest ranges just reached."

And the result is—nonsense. Three-fifths of the propositions which we have quoted above from Mr. Howells are simple nonsense, born of these prepossessions and of limited reading and knowledge. To Mr. Howells, looking at things out of this tremendous pair of blinkers, whereof the one is patriotic Republicanism and the other ignorance of literature at large, it naturally seems distressing, incredible, suggestive indeed of mere and sheer heretical pravity, that others who have their eyes free see so many things that he does not, and see so differently things that he sees blinker-focussed. And for our part we find it by no means uninteresting to listen to the deliverances from between the

blinkers—to hear how the author of the scene of Becky's unmasking, of the sword-crossing in the priest's chamber at Castlewood, of the failure to recognize Beatrix's portrait, is a "caricaturist with his hands in his pockets"; how the creator of Die Vernon, of the Baron of Bradwardine, of James L., "except in the case of his lower-class personages, makes them talk as seldom man and never woman talked," and how against Puss in Boots and Jack the Giant Killer there is to be waged an internecine and truceless war, while strongly sketching Mrs. Rose T. Cooke and perfectly satisfying Miss Jewett and graphically situated Miss Wilkins are to be taken to the æsthetic bosom. It may be cynical, it may be inhuman, it may be Pharisaic, but we cannot tire of this spectacle. Let Mr. Howells go on; let him give us Criticism and Poetry, Criticism and History, Criticism and anything (in volumes not bigger than this), and we will read them. Already we see the proofs exalting the impassioned Bancroft over the dull Gibbon, showing how Laurens Perseus Hicock whips Shelley. Let Heaven give Mr. Howells the wages of going on, and we will undertake the rest; he shall not die.

#### GERMAN LITERATURE.

PROFESSOR BEYER'S Oriental Stories (1), chosen from amid the "gems of Ind and Iran," open with the *Sakuntala*; or, the *Lost Ring*, a prose version of that most celebrated of Sanskrit plays. In Professor Monier Williams's translation of *Sakuntalā* we have, as in a mirror, so complete a reflection of ancient Hindoo rites, customs, occupations, diversions, and ceremonial that we cannot but deprecate the introduction of new elements into the perfect picture. Herr Beyer's *Sakuntala* is a pink and white "rosy-lipped" German maiden, whose conduct, from the Northern standpoint thus forced upon us, is made to appear, to say the least, so imprudent that we cannot but wonder the lady's friends were so careless in the matter of settlements. Dushianta's ring, whereon we have so long been accustomed to read only his graven name, is, when taken from the carp's body, further embellished by a coat-of-arms. When the penitent King, rapt by the power of longing and remorse into Indra's heaven, there meets his repudiated love, the gods bless their reunion, and the curtain of the Hindoo drama falls upon their descent in Indra's fiery chariot to the earth over which they are to reign. But this latest version adds a graphic description of their triumphal entry into a Residenz-stadt hung with bunting and swarming with ambassadors and a joyful populace. "Slowly, the carriage progressed, flowers rained [upon the royal pair and their son] . . . from all sides, Sakuntala nodded a kindly greeting. Suddenly she thrilled from delight. She had caught sight of Kanwa and his lovely foster-daughters crushed against the carriage by the crowd. 'Father Kanwa,' she cried, and tears of joy streamed down her cheeks. The chariot stopped, and Kanwa with her beloved playmates took their seats beside the Queen, to the surprise of the people . . ." who were probably as unprepared as ourselves for the sight of a prehistoric omnibus. Sumptuous feasting ensued, after which the venerable Kanwa departed for his hermitage, "laden with costly presents," leaving Priamveda and Anasuja to revel in the pleasures of the capital for the term of their natural lives. Among the seven following stories are those of "Sunrab and Lijawusch," from the *Schah-Nameh*, "Sawitri and Hidimba," from the *Mahabharata*, and others which in their present form lose, yet not so much as *Sakuntala*, of their archaic savour.

*Die beiden Schwägerinnen* (2), by Baroness Elisabeth von Grotthusz, is a tale of the Polish insurrection, written from the Russian standpoint. The villain of the story is a Countess Ludmilla Adlerstein, born Podwarowska, wife to a Russian officer, and daughter of a long line of Poles. The scene of the lady's misdeeds is her town-house in Warsaw, where her husband is quartered, under General Kotzebue. The position of this loyal Kurlander, disinherited by his father on his marriage with the Polish heiress, cannot have been an enviable one, when his wife, exasperated by the events of 1863, donned mourning for her country, and insisted on spending her income on equipping her cousins for revolt. Adlerstein's remonstrances were met by Ludmilla's threat that, if he did not immediately leave the Russian service, she and her child would leave him for ever. This he forestalled by flying to Courland with his daughter, and, dying in battle shortly afterwards, left Hedwig to the care of his two sisters, Mechthild and Irmentrud. In the conversations of these two ladies, we learn that Ludmilla, detected as a "crinoline-courier" (from which we infer that incendiary despatches were found in the lady's crinoline), was condemned to exile in Siberia, whence she, however, soon returned to marry Count Mielinsky, and to prosecute her search for her lost child. The sisters-in-law, who, the better to shield their charge from all Polish contamination, had, after expatriating themselves from Courland, established themselves in a Saxon country house, educated Hedwig Adlerstein in seclusion, while Ludmilla Mielinska, widowed for the second time, worn and wearied by sorrow for her country and longing for her lost daughter, became a confirmed invalid. When, in the last stage of consumption, she reached Dresden in time to be reconciled to one of her sisters-in-

(1) *Orientalische Novellen nach den schönsten Sagen aus Indien und Iran*. Von Prof. Dr. C. Beyer. Leipzig: C. F. Amelangverlag.

(2) *Die beiden Schwägerinnen*. Von Baronin Elisabeth von Grotthusz. Augsburg: Schmid'sche Verlagsbuchhandlung.

law and to die in her daughter's arms, the irate Providence indicated by the author as the avenger of Russian wrongs decreed that she should do so without being permitted to divulge their relationship. After this event, every cloud is cleared from the Adlerstein horizon, and wedding bells drown the knell of the unhappy Ludmilla.

*Auf Befehl Seiner Hoheit* (3) tells how four young lovers were made to perform a *chassée croisée* for State reasons. First couple, Gerhard von Herhut and Princess Therese, the fascinating youngest sister of a reigning prince; second couple, Prince Erwin, heir-presumptive, and Walpurga von Echtershausen, a lovely maid of honour. While Prince Erwin was away on a mission, Fräulein von Echtershausen was persuaded by the wife of the reigning prince that it was her duty, as the daughter of a loyal House, to release the heir from his engagement. The scene in which Walpurga places her first and last love-letter, unopened, in the hands of her Royal mistress is told with simple pathos. While Princess Therese was in the full enjoyment of her flirtation with the confiding Herhut, a neighbouring illustrious person sent an embassy to demand her hand in marriage. The lady had already decided not to refuse this hand, but was not quite ready to give up what she afterwards designated as "an amusing little love-affair." Princess Therese and Fräulein von Echtershausen appeared as tutelary fairies as a surprise to the reigning prince at the moonlight *fête champêtre* given in honour of the occasion, winning much applause and admiration by their and the gnome's performance of a witty masque. The ladies were requested to wear their costumes for the rest of the evening. This turned the masque to drama. The prince and the envoy roamed the gardens, discussing a recent strike in the glass-manufactories. The envoy was on the point of assuring his Highness that a similar matter had lately been settled in his master's dominions, without any concessions, when

"Ah!" exclaimed the envoy suddenly, and the prince looked up. The moon shone brightly on the dark foliage at the extreme end of the garden, giving, against this dark background, full relief to the light uniform of an officer of the guards. In the arms of the officer, with her arms round his neck, and her back, which was draped in a long, shining veil, turned towards the beholders, lay one of the fairies. . . . The prince experienced an uncomfortable sensation, as if something icy-cold were running down his back, but he tried to continue the conversation on the rights of those glass-blowers to certain concessions, while the envoy's evident absence of mind made his replies monosyllabic. Count Zalesky turned back to gaze in the direction of the shrubbery long after they had passed out of sight of it. Had he turned to the left, he would, like the Prince, in a moment when the moon once more shone bright out of the clouds, have seen the face of the other fairy as she leant over a rustic bridge, and gazed down into the bubbling stream that ran below. Each little ripple was turning to a mighty wave, that reared itself between her and the man she loved. . . . waves such as have from the beginning of dynasties foamed and roared between heirs presumptive and poor maids of honour.

At supper the Prince, raising his glass, said that he had a surprise in store for his Court in return for the one which had given him so much pleasure. "I beg you to drink with me to the health of an affianced couple who have just confided to me, in the garden. . . . Our best wishes to Baron von Herhut and Fräulein von Echtershausen. Hoch! Hoch! Hoch!" Long after their marriage, after voluntary separation and many misunderstandings and vicissitudes, the strangely-matched pair consoled each other for past disillusion.

Very wonderful are the adventures of Mr. William van der Capellen (4), who (reversing the career of Fink in *Soll und Haben*), having sown his wild oats and his patrimony in his native Vienna, went to New York to eat the bread of adversity. Just as he was on the eve of starvation, the Austrian Consul recommended him as manager to Thomas A. Burton & Co. The head and working partner of this great banking house received Mr. William (who had dropped his surname) in a rose-coloured boudoir of surpassing glamour. No sooner had Mr. William's eyes accustomed themselves to the bewildering atmosphere than he discovered the representative of Thomas A. Burton & Co. to be his beautiful daughter, Isabel, a young lady who was in the habit of signing cheques for the firm, engaging its employés, and driving to the Wall Street office in the absence of her invalid father. Hauteur on the one side, and distrust on the other, are soon so far dispelled that Mr. William ousted the lady's affianced, an unworthy "dude," and on the death of Mr. Burton married his heiress, relinquishing for her sake the great inheritance which came to him unexpectedly on the death of his elder brother.

*Die Bataver* (5), seventh in the series of Herr Felix Dahn's *Tales of the Migration of the Nations*, tells of the victories of the legions of Vespasian in Germany and Gaul in the year 69 A.D. As a collection of word-pictures of ancient Teuton cult and warfare, and of the mingled barbarism and corruption of Gaul, it is not less satisfactory than its predecessors. Yet, although it cannot claim to shed any new light on history, it has less claim than they to be entitled an historic novel, so difficult it is to recognize as men and women personages who, instead of living and breathing, so persistently typify nations, clans, and conditions. Weleda, who represents Germania, and Claudia, who personifies Gaul; Brinno of the crimson locks, Merowech, son of

Civilis and father of the Franks, are as uncanny as so many Greek masks would appear on a modern stage. *Die Bataver* is, however, conscientiously distilled history, happy in expression, and as accurate in costume and other detail as an Alma Tadema.

Herr Paul von Szezepanski's four prettily told short stories would have been more happily entitled "Einfache" than *Eigene Geschichten* (6), being as they are of a graceful simplicity that redeems them from the commonplace rather than as "queer" as their title would lead us to expect. "The Waxen Heart," a purely Polish story, is of excellent local colour and of a tragic directness that is enhanced by an apparent absence of pretension or motive in the narration. Space permitting, we should have been tempted to quote the whole description of the Rzewerski's ball at Szankovo, where the eyes and the diamonds of Polish beauties did so much havoc within four whitewashed walls, while their feet sped over ill-joined boards, and the guests refreshed themselves "at a sideboard that stood in one corner, covered with an ever-increasing number of champagne bottles; for the empty ones remained there, and the full ones were inexhaustible. Whoever was thirsty, went and drank there, without so much as waiting for a servant to fill his glass . . . or caring whether it was the last glass of champagne that would be served him at Rzewerski's at Szankovo. . . . Neither did Herr von Rzewerski care, nor his wife, nor his four daughters, each of whom was lovelier and merrier than the other. But the merriest of all were the old Rzewerski is themselves."

We have besides to acknowledge Herr Max Kretzer's *Bergpredigt* (7), a powerfully-written impeachment of clerical hypocrisy in Lutheran high places; *Tales of School Life* (8), by Herr Ernst Wichert; *Jungfrau Bina, and other Stories* (9), translated into German from the Danish by Fräulein E. Longé; a pamphlet on the *Elsawa Valley* (10), by Herr Ernst Hamelberg; and the second part of the fourth volume of Herr L. Quidde's *Deutsche Zeitschrift für Geschichtswissenschaft* (11).

#### LONDON CITY.\*

PERHAPS no man could write a better book on "London City" than Mr. Loftie, as he has shown in the volume on the subject contributed to the series of "Historic Towns." He has carefully studied its history and archaeology, scrutinizing legends and popular traditions with keen and somewhat sceptical intelligence; and he offers satisfactory or plausible solutions of names that have been strangely corrupted in the course of centuries. Possibly the purity of his taste in architecture makes him hypercritical, but we must confess with sorrow that the general severity of his strictures on contemporary work is by no means undeserved. The present volume is delightful reading from first to last; partly because it is more gossipy and desultory than its predecessor, or rather because it deals with modern London in the many-sided aspects of its busy life. There is scarcely a scene or subject which is not touched in passing, from the soaring dome of St. Paul's and the solidly pecunious facade of the Bank of England, to the gentlemen who sell dog-collars under the shadow of the one, and the boys who "shine boots" near the portals of the other. Mr. Loftie has been fortunate in finding a collaborator like Mr. Luker to illustrate his pages. Mr. Luker's endless sketches are imitatively clever, and some of the more serious are wonderfully artistic. Such illustrations as the kindling of the gas and electricity along the river in the fall of the dusk are pregnant with the romance of the mighty metropolis. There is a blending of spirit, drollery, and pathos in the figures of the unemployed leaning over the parapets of London Bridge, eloquent of listless idleness and dreary expectation in each rent and wrinkle of their ill-fitting garments. Not unfrequently we are inclined to regret that the illustrations do not adapt themselves to the pages of the letterpress; but, on the other hand, we have the piquancy of quaint incongruities. While Mr. Loftie is discoursing on Roman brickwork or mediæval guilds, on the sanctuaries which offered shelter to all criminals, on the houses of rough timber, thatched with straw, in which respectable citizens were wont to stifle themselves, Mr. Luker's pencil is busy with the great railway stations and the modernized banks, with hospitals and prisons and courts of justice, with men of business taking their mid-day snack in sumptuous clubs and restaurants, or with sharp policemen regulating the traffic in the clamorous crush of waggons and omnibuses.

(6) *Eigene Geschichten*. Von von Paul Szezepanski. Leipzig: Carl Reizner.

(7) *Die Bergpredigt. Roman aus der Gegenwart*. Von Max Kretzer. Leipzig: E. Pierson.

(8) *Schule und Leben*. Von Ernst Wichert. Leipzig: Carl Reizner.

(9) *Jungfrau Bina*. Aus dem Dänischen übersetzt von Elisabeth Longé. Norden: Hinrich Fischer, Nachfolger.

(10) *Durch's Thal der Elsava. Eine Wandererinnerung*. Von Ernst Hamelberg. Mannheim: I. Bensheimer.

(11) *Deutsche Zeitschrift für Geschichtswissenschaft*. Herausgegeben von L. Quidde. Freiburg: Akademische Verlagsbuchhandlung von Paul Siebeck.

\* *London City: its History, Streets, Traffic, Buildings, People*. By W. J. Loftie, F.S.A. Illustrated by W. Luker, J.R., from Original Drawings. London: The Leadenhall Press. 1891.

(3) *Auf Befehl Seiner Hoheit!* Roman von Dürow. Leipzig: Carl Reizner.

(4) *William, Roman aus dem deutsch-americanischen Leben*. Von Doris Frelin von Spätgen. Leipzig: Carl Reizner.

(5) *Die Bataver. Historischer Roman aus der Völkerwanderung*. Leipzig: Breitkopf u. Härtel.



London, which was merely a garrison of the Romans, has been making steady and rapid progress since it was first fortified as a seaport by the Saxon kings. The genius of Alfred and some of his successors had appreciated its importance, strategically and commercially. So long as its walls were kept in efficient repair, the Danes were too wise to break their teeth upon them. They turned the formidable fortifications when they overran the inland counties. So the merchants and cheapmen found a safe place of refuge, with exceptional advantages for foreign trade. London lay opposite the rich Low Countries, the Hanse towns, and the mouth of the Elbe. The small ships steering down Channel had almost landlocked navigation as far as the Reculvers in the Isle of Thanet. Thus the prosperity of London became the life of England, and, as was shown in the Wars of the Roses and in the troubles that followed the death of Edward VI., no claimant to the throne could dispense with the countenance of the citizens. Twice at least Mr. Loftie takes us on a perambulation of the City, indicating the changes that must have been happening in the meantime. Nothing can be more interesting than to note these changes, as they indicate the growth of civilization and the development of commerce and the arts and industries. But never have the changes been so sweeping as in the last thirty years. London has never had a Haussmann with unlimited credit to carry out a comprehensive reconstruction regardless of cost. But the reconstruction has scarcely been less subversively complete that it has been proceeding piecemeal, and originating in great measure in private enterprise. Churches have been restored or demolished by the score. Thoroughfares have been widened, public offices and private establishments have been rebuilt, minor Companies and men of business have been housed in pretentious blocks of many-storied chambers, the railways have established their hideous termini in the very heart of the City; but, above all, the embanking of the Thames has revolutionized the riverain topography. The municipal authorities, governed by considerations more practical than æsthetic, may sometimes have missed magnificent opportunities. But, on the whole, such blots on artistic pictures as the railway bridge at Blackfriars or the viaduct at Holborn are undeniable gains to public convenience. It is well that we should beautify London if we can, but we must remember that, before all, it is a city of business, and that the claims of business must always be paramount.

We remarked on Mr. Loftie's intelligent ingenuity in exploding fabulous old legends. Take, for example, the nomenclature of the City gates. Ludgate was supposed for long to be called after King Lud, and Billingsgate after King Belin. Really Ludgate was originally a side gate, and Lydgate is simply old English for a postern. As for Belin or Billing, in Mr. Loftie's opinion he was more likely to have been an alderman than a British king. Cripplegate has nothing to do with a gathering of cripples, but comes obviously from "crepel gate," a covered way in a fortification; and though Aldgate would seem at first sight to be naturally old gate, it must really have been Algate—a gate open to all. It was the gift of the generous Canons of Holy Trinity, who threw it open without toll to all comers. Yet Mr. Loftie is by no means inclined to accept plausible explanations lightly. For example, he remarks that there are difficulties in the way of supposing Cornhill to have taken its name from having been the site of the City corn market. But talking of corn, in his first walk, when taking us along the present Fenchurch and Gracechurch Streets, he assumes them to have been called after the hay and grass markets. Fen is the French *foin*, and Grace is a corruption of grass. He can give a fair idea of the general appearance of the City in the thirteenth century, with the walls, the churches, and the convents for landmarks; but he owns he has little to tell us of the life of the inhabitants. It is certain that, for the most part, they were miserably housed. Even when within their draughty and leaky tenements they kept themselves warmly wrapped up, wearing hoods of coarse cloth, lined with rabbit-skin. Naturally there was no sort of sanitation, and he dwells on the fact that the deadly plagues and epidemics were chiefly due to the unwholesome drinking water. Some of the principal springs were saturated by the drainage from the graveyards; and so late as the Great Plague of 1665 the parish of Cripplegate, where the mortality was frightful, drew its drinking supply from a well poisoned by the plague pits. It was the introduction of a copious supply of pure water from the New River which finally banished the pestilences.

There is an interesting chapter on the origin of municipal institutions, on the truculent administration of justice, and on the horrors of the old prisons. Mr. Loftie remarks that the chronic unhealthiness of prisoners partly accounts for the cruel severity of the criminal law. "There was no alternative. A man condemned to long imprisonment was as surely condemned to death as if he had been sent straight to the gallows." Yet Richard Whittington, with primitive philanthropy, had left a legacy to improve the condition of Newgate, remarking in his will "that every person is sovereignly bound to support and be tender of the lives of men." As for the commerce of London, the jurisdiction of the Thames Conservancy used to extend from the turn of the tide above Teddington down to the Nore—that is, the New Weir—at the mouth of the Medway. In the middle ages the richer merchants made their money chiefly in the wool trade and in dealing in the precious metals. Under Henry II. some of the guilds were already becoming wealthy and influential. The guilds gradually merged in the chartered Companies, and Mr. Loftie reminds us that, although the word is still

frequently used, there is not a guild now in the City. As strictly Catholic confraternities they had passed under the authority of the Church and were abolished by Parliament after the Reformation. He has much to say about the general question of London banking and of individual establishments now existing, some of which have been established for centuries. The business passed into the hands of the English goldsmiths after the insolvency and repudiation of Edward III. had ruined his Florentine bankers. It was the second of the illustrious line of the Greshams who recommended to Cecil the suppression of the Steelyard, with its invidious privileges, which put an end to the trading competition of the Hanse towns. Thenceforth native trade and finance flourished untrammelled by protected foreign rivalry. The admirable chapter on the London churches will be a revelation to many of Mr. Loftie's readers. Much has been destroyed of late, and more has been irreparably injured by the restorers; yet he can still say, in his opening sentence, that "London contains some of the most beautiful churches in the world, and forms in itself a complete museum of English ecclesiastical art." Many of them will well repay a pilgrimage to the City, and some of the crypts, strikingly picturesque in themselves, contain curious artistic and archaeological treasure. Wren is, of course, the great City architect, and Mr. Loftie remarks that the genius of Wren was guided by unerring taste and an infallible sense of proportion. That sense of proportion, he says, is the quality most conspicuously lacking in the secular work of contemporary architects. Much money has been squandered on modern edifices, sometimes imposing enough in themselves, but which are out of keeping with their parts and inconsistent with their surroundings. The designs have often been servilely borrowed and spoiled by conditions imposed by the circumstances on dull-witted adapters. And if Mr. Loftie may seem to be severe, at least he does not hesitate to point and enforce his criticisms by personal references and particular examples. He sums up his damnatory judgments in these sentences:—

Everywhere money has been lavished, brains have been spared. The maximum of ornament is associated with the minimum of design, and the chief modern buildings of the City are much more remarkable for their cost than their beauty. . . . I have been able to mention with unqualified commendation but two or three buildings in all, and they belong to a modern style so unusual in City architecture that they only serve to make the examples around them more distressing.

#### LAW BOOKS.\*

PERHAPS no decision in the House of Lords has, of late years, occasioned so much stir in one way and another as that of *Peck v. Derry*. Among other unforeseen results of it may apparently be reckoned the publication by Mr. Moncrieff of a useful sort of book about fraud and misrepresentation. We have no reason to suppose that it is not, or was not intended to be, a work for use in practice like another, but somehow or other its style and appearance seem to suggest the student. Students who feared elaborate examination upon this delicate and difficult subject would indeed have every reason to be grateful to Mr. Moncrieff, who treats in the first place of the action of deceit, and secondly of the action for misrepresentation. His preface suggests that he considers the law, as ascertained in *Peck v. Derry*, to be unsatisfactory, or at any rate "anomalous," which some people consider the same thing. And yet, adopting Mr. Moncrieff's quite clear and sufficiently accurate statement of the distinction between the two subjects of his treatise, and between the remedies provided for them, the matter seems reasonably simple. Where the defendant has misled the plaintiff by a deliberately false statement the plaintiff ought to bring an action of deceit, in which he will be entitled to recover damages of a sufficient amount to make up to him the loss which he incurred by reason of the credit he gave to the fraudulent statement. Where the defendant has misled the plaintiff by a false, but not deliberately false, statement, the plaintiff ought to bring his action for rescission, and then he will be entitled, upon the contract being rescinded, to be indemnified by the defendant for the loss he incurred by reason of the existence of the contract while it was in existence. It is clear to the reflective mind that of the two remedies the former is the more satisfying. Naturally, because in that case the defendant is more

\* *A Treatise on the Law relating to Fraud and Misrepresentation*. By the Hon. Frederick Moncrieff, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens & Sons. 1891.

*The Relationship of Landlord and Tenant*. By Edgar Fox, of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens & Haynes. 1891.

*The Law and Practice of Letters Patent for Inventions, with the Patent Acts and Rules Annotated*. By Lewis Edmunds, D.Sc. (Lond.), of the Inner Temple, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, Assisted by E. Wood Renton, M.A., of Gray's Inn, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens & Sons.

*The Principles of Commercial Law*. By Joseph Hurst and Lord Robert Cecil, of the Inner Temple, Barristers-at-Law. London: Stevens & Haynes. 1891.

*The Law of Landed Property; expressly adapted for Country Gentlemen*. London: Ward, Lock, & Co. 1891.

*Auctioneers; their Duties and Liabilities*. By Robert Squibbs, Auctioneer. Second edition, revised and partly re-written. London: Crosby Lockwood & Son. 1891.

*Profit-Sharing Precedents, with Notes*. By Henry G. Rawson, of the Inner Temple, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens & Sons. 1891.

to blame. It is a necessary defect of any moderately civilized system of law that an ill-advised plaintiff is exposed to more or less risk of selecting the wrong remedy; but in the matter of dishonest fraud, and not quite dishonest misrepresentation, the distinction of remedies appears to us to correspond closely enough with the difference of wrongs. For the rest, Mr. Moncrieff's book is well written and arranged, except that his references to reports are in footnotes. Perhaps that is what gives it the air of a student's book. He appends dates to his cases (very properly) in the text, and for practical purposes the references should be there too. It is not surprising to find that six chapters in that part of the work which deals with Misrepresentation and Rescission are devoted to companies and the various parties concerned with them. The authorities on this important branch of the subject are well and fully stated. The index looks good, and the book ought to be useful.

Mr. Edgar Foa has published a rather cut-and-dried, authoritative kind of treatise upon Landlord and Tenant. He explains the arrangement as a consideration, first of the "modes," and then of the "incidents," of the creation and determination of tenancies. This classification he says he has adopted rather because it is convenient than because it is scientific, and we must confess to having, upon a superficial view, failed to obtain a very clear notion of the difference between a mode and an incident, as the words are here used. An action for use and occupation seems to be a mode of creation, and the incidents of creation consist solely of distress. On the other hand, fixtures, emblements, double value, double rent, and ejectment are incidents of determination. We do not say that it is not all right, but it seems a little arbitrary. However, in a book of reference for practical use, scientific arrangement is perhaps of less importance than correct statements and good indexing. The index is well printed and seems full. In the text, propositions of law are for the most part laid down curtly and without much qualification, the authorities being rigidly confined to the footnotes. The volume has been industriously compiled, and successfully brought into a moderate compass. It should enhance the author's reputation for learning in an intricate and most important branch of the law.

There is hardly a legal topic upon which a larger number of little books have been published within the last seven years than that of patents; but the little books mostly deal with the Act of 1883, and the amending Acts, and there is still—or was, until the publication of Mr. Edmunds's *Law and Practice of Letters Patent for Inventions*—room for a big one on the subject at large. Inasmuch as the typical patentee is a person who has bestowed the best part of his time upon unremunerative pursuits not tending to the acquirement of a technical knowledge of law, and as he is therefore, generally speaking, neither a lawyer nor particularly rich, the topic has peculiar temptations for those sinful men who go about writing books professing to state the law in such wise that the average layman can understand it, and at such a price that he will be likely to buy them. Such volumes are, of course, merely a snare, profitable to him who sets it only by reason of the simplicity proverbially characteristic of genius outside its own special beat. Mr. Edmunds's volume is nothing of the sort, but as honest a lawyer's text-book as one need wish to see. It begins at the beginning, with history, the Prerogative, the Statute of Monopolies, and so comes to the growth and present condition and administration of the law whereby the granting of patents for inventions is regulated. The Acts of 1883-8 are set out with notes, the amending sections of the subordinate Acts being interwoven into the text of the principal Act with much skill, so that the whole is made into a fairly coherent and intelligible story. Typographical devices sufficiently explain the progress of amendment and repeal. The volume contains the Rules of 1890, and other rules necessary to be consulted, with the International Convention and consequent Order in Council, and plenty of forms and so on. Among other matters, an appendix contains "at large" the statutes, of which Mr. Edmunds's "revised" version has already constituted a great part of the book. To an uninitiated eye, the repetition might look cumbrous, but it is the only way of doing the thing properly. Time only can determine the value of Mr. Edmunds's work, but there appears to be every reason to hope that it may be proportionate to the great care and labour he has evidently bestowed upon it.

*Commercial Law* sounds at first a somewhat vague title to give to a book. When you find that it is about the kind of law administered in that class of litigation which used to go on at Guildhall—and, it may be hoped, will again—and which consists of what are commonly called commercial or mercantile cases, the meaning is pretty plain. It is plainer still to any one who knows the British Bar when it is announced in the preface that the volume has the blessing, if not the authentication, of Mr. J. G. Barnes, Q.C., who has read it all through, and made suggestions about it which have been adopted. Such a work could have no better sponsor. The authors seem to have been authors in common rather than joint authors, for the preface specifies which chapters are the work of each. Insurance (of all kinds), carriage by land and sea, principal and agent, negotiable securities, stoppage *in transitu*, sale and pledge, are the leading topics of the volume. The subject is, of course, extensive. Considering the books that might be, and indeed have been, written about charter-parties and bills of lading alone, one cannot but congratulate Mr. Hurst and Lord Robert Cecil upon the terse-

ness and the just proportions of their book. At this time of day we hardly look for new discoveries in matters of principle, and if the substance, for instance, of the opening chapter, on "Contract in General," is mostly stated in Pollock, and capable of being extracted from Leake, that does not prevent the chapter from being well written and showing a clear conception of first principles. The chapter on Bills of Exchange and the like consists practically of a summary of the effect of the Act of 1882, and is well and clearly written. The appendices contain, *inter alia*, the Merchandise Marks Act, 1887, the Railway and Canal Traffic Act, 1888, and the Directors' Liability Act, 1890. It is unnecessary, if we have succeeded in conveying the impression that the book is a short one, to add that they do not contain the Merchant Shipping Acts. The volume will probably be found a useful manual by persons in the habit of being concerned in commercial disputes. We believe there is no other that covers just the same ground.

A shocking little yellow amateur law-book, stamped as worthless by its anonymity, bears the following legend on its title-page:—"The Law of Landed Property; Landlord and Tenant; Legal Documents and Stamps. Expressly adapted for Country Gentlemen, Landowners in General, and all Classes of Tenants. As Particularized in the annexed Table of Contents and the Index." The table of contents and index look commonplace enough, and we cannot see that they particularize any class or classes of tenants. On opening the book at a venture, we come upon these statements:—"1426. Ownership of the seashore and of all tidal rivers is generally vested in the Crown. . . . 1427. In some exceptional cases the seashore belongs entirely to the adjacent land by ancient grant, of which there must be strong evidence to sustain it." If this was written by a barrister, or by any one capable of profiting by the wisdom of others, we should like to refer him to that most learned work, the *History of the Foreshore*, published some three years ago by Mr. Stuart Moore. He would then wish he had modified the statement quoted above. The volume consists of rags and snippets of supposed law, and in these times, when few country gentlemen have more money than they know what to do with, there are probably not many who are likely to make use of the book without regretting it.

Mr. Squibbs, Auctioneer, wrote a book "of a semi-legal character for the use of Auctioneers and their Pupils." He had "very gratifying success," and he, therefore, naturally produces an improved and re-arranged second edition, which, we hope, may be as well liked as its predecessor. It ought to be, for it contains a good deal of discursive and not unpleasant talk, and, at the same time, is instructive enough fully to justify the modest claim made for it by its author. It looks nearly as much like a bound volume of a slightly stodgy magazine as it does like a law-book; but, since auctioneers and their pupils like it, no one would wish to discourage so innocent a taste.

The appropriateness of the appearance of Mr. Rawson's little book, now that the Labour Commission is sitting, and Mr. Burns going about seeking whom he may roar at, is obvious. It consists of brief accounts of actual experiments in "profit-sharing," and copies of the rules to that end in force in different institutions. To make rules to that end which will not excite the workmen's distrust, and which will not make them partners, and which will pay the masters as well as the men, is anything but a simple task, and those interested in the subject can hardly fail to find something of value to them among Mr. Rawson's records and observations.

#### THE PEAK.\*

WHEN Mr. Leyland throws in Haddon Hall and Chatsworth, Ashbourne and the Dove, his "Peak" has elements of interest sufficient for three or four ordinary books. Illustrations, also, by Alfred Dawson and Herbert Railton add another kind of attraction; and it is hardly possible to open the book anywhere without finding something curious or something picturesque. Mr. Railton's frontispiece is a little disappointing. The Terrace at Haddon has been so often sketched, that he thought perhaps he ought to do it in a new way. The result is unsatisfactory. It is neither an architectural study nor a picture. The Eagle Tower, opposite page 202, is much happier, and so are the interiors of the hall and the drawing-room. Some of Mr. Alfred Dawson's landscapes are very charming, and there is a really grand little moorland view by the late Henry Dawson opposite to page 46. There are many other illustrations, yet one could wish for as many more, for the district is full both of pure landscape and also of antiquarian objects—castles, houses, churches, chapels, and bridges. The great drawback to the tourist is the presence of other tourists; for the whole region is overrun by visitors from Manchester, some of whom seem only to come in order to prevent the others from enjoying themselves. A coach from Manchester used to pass through Hazelgrove, the classic Bullocksmithy, a town which Thackeray ridiculed so keenly for its change of name. But Mr. Leyland has nothing to tell us about Bullocksmithy, which is certainly not a picturesque place, and is, moreover, beyond his beat. At Matlock, in addition to Manchester tourists, we have hack-drivers and showmen, who have taken possession of the scenery. We are happily delivered from the runaway couples who used to come to Peak Forest Chapel to be

\* *The Peak of Derbyshire, its Scenery and Antiquities.* By John Leyland. London: Seeley. 1891.



married. "A special book for 'Foreign Marriages' was begun in 1728—which gives the names only of the contracting parties, without any other particulars whatever—and it appears that these marriages numbered about sixty per annum." Peak Forest thought itself extra-parochial, and the minister gave licences to all and sundry. The abuse of similarly assumed privileges in the Fleet, Somerset House Chapel, the Savoy, and Holy Trinity, Minories—which last is even now in some maps made independent of the City, owing to a topographical error—led to the passing of the Act of 1753, by which such marriages were made illegal. Mr. Leyland quotes Dr. Cox once too often when he says there is only one other place of worship dedicated to "St. Charles the King and Martyr"—namely, the church at Newton, in Shropshire. But "Charles Church," Plymouth, is a prominent example, and there are others at Tunbridge Wells and Falmouth.

Mr. Leyland begins with an introductory geographical notice of "the Peak," its scenery, Roman roads and stations, Saxon and Norman lords—Peveril among them—and of its churches and other old buildings. He then proceeds to detail. The Derwent is traced to its source; so is the Ashop. The kinder Scout Range is next explored, with many delightful descriptions and many entertaining anecdotes. As the highest ridges do not reach 2,000 ft., some of the accounts of climbing, especially those quoted from Mr. Jennings, certainly lose nothing in the narration. The Peak proper is described in the chapter entitled "Castleton." From it we learn that the Peverils came to grief in the twelfth century, but Mr. Leyland does not decide for us as to their descent from William the Conqueror. Since the disgrace of the family, the estate has been crown property, being, in fact, among the possessions of the Duchy of Lancaster. Under the head of Castleton come also the marvellous caverns. "That which is ascribed," says Mr. Leyland, "not unfittingly, if we regard its awful character, to the Devil" extends its vaults some 2,300 feet underground, and it is said to go about 600 feet below the surface of the mountain. Gervase of Tilbury tells of a shepherd who explored the interior, and came forth telling of a delectable country within, of lakes and rivers and green meadows. Another "very grievous" cavern is the Bottomless Pit. The opening is artificial, having been made for mining purposes. In the Grand Cavern, ninety feet below the spot on which the traveller stands, is the surface of the Pool. When a level of 600 yards was being driven beyond this point "40,000 tons of matter removed in the operation were thrown into the deep, without raising perceptibly the level of its flow." In the Blue John cave is found what we know as Derbyshire Spar, a beautiful material, if properly treated; but design is as foreign to the makers of vases and tazas as to the modern Italian artists in alabaster. From the real Peak region with its caves Mr. Leyland conducts us along the rivers which have their sources in it, and we explore under his guidance, not only such well-known Derbyshire resorts as Bakewell and Edensor, Haddon and Chatsworth, Buxton and Matlock, but countless villages and manor-houses, of which also he has much that is romantic and entertaining to tell. We may sometimes wonder at his reticence. He might have eked out a far larger volume. Take, for example, all he tells us about Penelope Boothby. She was the only child of Sir Brooke Boothby, and her monument in Ashbourne Church is "celebrated as being one of the best works of the late T. Banks, R.A. She died," he continues, "in 1791 at the age of six, and from the affecting inscription we learn of her that

'She was of form and intellect most exquisite.

The unfortunate parents ventured their all on this frail bark, and the wreck was total."

Mr. Leyland further describes the monument itself. "Banks"—(by the way, which Banks? They are both "the late")—"has sculptured the child in the purest Carrara marble with enchanting art—that has enraptured many with the story of woe, and the conception of purity and innocence—lying upon a mattress, with her little hands drawn up toward her head, which rests gently upon a pillow. It is said that Chantrey stole into the church at Ashbourne in order to drink in inspiration by gazing upon the sweet figure of Penelope Boothby ere he executed his "Sleeping Children at Lichfield." But surely Mr. Leyland should have told us a little more. Did not Sir Joshua paint her portrait in 1788, when she cannot have been more than three, and is not the picture now esteemed one of the artist's masterpieces? However, he is right in telling us too little rather than too much; and there are many other subjects to turn to in his pleasant book. For example, Haddon is inexhaustible—Mr. Leyland, perhaps wisely, has avoided the recent controversy as to oiling the panelling—and Chatsworth nearly as full. People who talk of "old Catholic families" should read of the zeal of the head of the Talbots of the time of Elizabeth against "Popish recusants." Beresford Dale, "which, though it is not more than a quarter of a mile in length, is like a miniature Dove Dale," with its memories of Walton and Cotton, might well have had a chapter to itself. But stout old Thomas Beresford, who in the reign of Edward IV. mustered a troop of horse among his sons and their attendants, and who was ancestor of the present owner, is not so much as named. The description of Eyam, and the great visitation of the Plague in 1666, is most interesting. Mr. Leyland tells us that "some years ago the evidences of the great visitation at Eyam were many in the fields, where the graves were plainly marked; but these are now in great part removed." The

graves of the seven members of the Handcock family, who were all buried between August 2 and August 10, are still marked in the middle of a field at a place called Riley Side, within a circular stone fence. We pass by Chatsworth to reach the Stanton Stones. "Towards the eastern end of the range is a huge block, perhaps a dozen feet in height, which Pilkington and others describe as a rocking stone." Mr. Bate-man, however, has recorded the fact that at the last "fin de siècle" a party of young men of set purpose destroyed its equilibrium. The modern tourist of the 'Arry type is bad enough; but a hundred years ago his counterpart, his prototype, already existed. Among the entertaining notes which Mr. Leyland furnishes with such profusion we may select a few in conclusion. The most "elevated hostel" in England is, it appears, the "Cat and Fiddle," on Axe Edge, near Buxton, 1,700 feet above the sea level, with a glorious view westward towards the estuary of the Mersey and the mountains of Wales. There is a very interesting church at Youghreave. Mr. Leyland has to chronicle much destruction under the name of "restoration," a subject on which he does not speak with by any means a sufficiently clear voice. At Youghreave, however, they seem to have fallen into good hands. Mr. Norman Shaw is spoken of as responsible for what was done in 1870. Among other features, the rebuilt chancel has an east window by Mr. Burne Jones. The monuments are ancient and fine. A splendid decorated church at Tideswell is locally called "the cathedral of the Peak." Mr. Leyland seems surprised that the chancel should be higher than the nave. The monuments of the Foljambes and Lyttons are worth seeing. Alsop-en-le-Dale is one of the smallest hamlets in England, and has a church only thirty-two feet long. Near it is the hall where the late Lord Hindlip resided. "The writer was told, but will not vouch for the accuracy of the statement," that an ancient font was destroyed during a recent restoration of the church. We can easily believe it. Altogether Mr. Leyland has produced a delightful book on a delightful subject, and it is impossible to lay it down without regret.

#### FARMING IN AUSTRALASIA.\*

WE must begin our notice of this book with a few words of warning. Let not the reader be discouraged by the style of the first half-dozen rather unattractive chapters, which are more or less in the form of a diary; for, if he will persevere, he will find the remaining thirty-three, "in digested form on distinct subjects," full of interesting matter. It must not be supposed that the opening chapters are by any means devoid of valuable information, but there is too much in them of this sort of thing:—"Introductions were presented to the following leading men in Brisbane." Then comes a long list of names. "Among the events and entertainments in which it was the writer's privilege to participate during his brief residence in Adelaide were—," and then follows a list of balls, levées, receptions, concerts, race-meetings, breakfasts, and so on. The style, too, is jolly and fatiguing. "After the surface of the pasture-land becomes trodden down by stock, the moderate rainfall has more effect in producing the growth of grass" is a whole paragraph, and it is a specimen taken at random from a dozen in succession of about the same length. When we have said this, we have found pretty nearly all the fault that it will be necessary to find with a book which will, we think, prove valuable, if not entertaining, to people who take an interest in agriculture, as well as others.

Professor Wallace dissents from the prevailing opinion that only wealthy men or able-bodied labourers are likely to improve their positions, in these days, by going to New Zealand or Australia. From what he has himself seen, he believes that, with a capital of 1,000*l.*, a hard-working young farmer would have a far better chance of growing rich by emigrating to one of those countries than by remaining in Great Britain. There are, however, many drawbacks to agriculture in Australasia. One is the distances of the newer farms from the markets and points of export. Even where there are railways the cost of transit is serious to the producer. The author considers that, in the up-country districts of the colonies, railways ought to be run at a loss, so far as the traffic receipts are concerned, and that "the balance should be made up out of the common purse of the community—the proceeds of taxation—to equalize the responsibility, and to give a chance for the rapid and perfect development of those parts which are geographically distant from the great centres of commercial and industrial activity." Irrigation is another serious question. Only a small portion of the enormous continent of Australia is sufficiently watered by rain "to enable it to reach its maximum of usefulness." Immense tracts of "excellent arable land, which would grow crops in abundance but for the want of sufficient moisture," remain "in the condition of worthless desert." But the greatest loss from scarcity of water falls upon the inhabitants of those districts in which there is sufficient rain at times to encourage occupation and cultivation, yet not enough to prevent the deaths of stock and the destruction of crops by "frequently recurring periods of drought." Irrigation is "essentially a national question," and "in the case of Australia

\* *The Rural Economy and Agriculture of Australia and New Zealand.* As seen by Robert Wallace, F.L.S., F.R.S. Edin. London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co., Limited. 1891.

one of the first magnitude." A great deal has already been done to overcome the difficulty; but Professor Wallace believes that a proper system of irrigation cannot be established until an Act of the Legislature of the colony repeals the private riparian rights, which at present practically prohibit the use of river water for purposes of general irrigation. The middleman is another drawback to Australian farming. He sprang into existence in the colony when large landowners and squatters were making such profits that they did not care to put themselves to the trouble of going to the towns to transact their own business, and now his extortionate charges have become a serious abuse. Among the greatest sources of loss to farmers, both in Australia and New Zealand, are the rabbits. A single Company, the New Zealand and Australian Land Company, is said to spend from 8,000*l.* to 10,000*l.* a year in their destruction. A common way of getting rid of them is to employ trappers. One owner had 46,000 killed by this means at a halfpenny a scalp in the year 1888. Another method is to poison them with phosphorized oats. Thousands, again, have been destroyed in a single night by water containing white arsenic. A fourth, and a common practice, is to enclose their principal breeding centres and burrows with wire netting, so that the rabbits may die of starvation. We read that the Victorian Government spent 150,000*l.* on rabbit-netting in 1889. At one time the kangaroos were considered almost as destructive as the rabbits. Since one Australian landowner purchased his estate, 40,000 of these animals have been killed on it, at a charge of eightpence per head. The size of the kangaroo "varies much in the different species, from that of a hare or rabbit, to that of a boy of twelve years of age." In many districts, kangaroos have become exterminated. Of late, there has been a considerable increase in the value of their skins; so much so, indeed, that it is said that they would yield a better profit than sheep, and that, not improbably, they may some day be reared in certain parts of the colony. A plague which is only second to the rabbit-plague is that of the thistles, and it would seem that they "are likely to remain one of the chief drawbacks of the colonies, as they have already become too widely distributed to permit of eradication by any ordinary or possible means." Nevertheless there is something to be said, even for the thistles. If they are allowed to occupy land fully, they disappear altogether in a few years, leaving the soil in a far more fertile condition than before. It will then yield luxuriant crops of either grain or grass. In some parts of New Zealand "thistle-seed has been bought at high prices, and sown as a means of breaking-in land for cultivation." Destructive as are thistles among cultivated crops, on pastures certain kinds form a valuable food for sheep in summer and autumn droughts when other plants have withered from want of moisture; moreover, young green thistles make excellent silage.

Whether we may like it or no, Great Britain has been greatly affected of late years by the supply of frozen mutton from New Zealand, and to a rather less extent from Australia also. In frozen beef Australasia cannot compete successfully with America; for, unlike mutton, beef is injured by being thoroughly frozen, and, while complete refrigeration is necessary for carcases on the long voyage from Australia to England, mere chilling and lodgment in chambers at a temperature of three or four degrees below freezing-point is sufficient to preserve them during the few days' passage from America. The most usual method of freezing meat in Australia and New Zealand is with a dry-air refrigerator, which discharges a current of air at a temperature of 100° to 121° F. below the freezing-point of water. Another plan is to place the meat in chambers, surrounded by pipes filled with a constantly circulating and strong solution of common salt or of calcium chloride, which will not freeze except at very low temperatures. Ammonia, under certain conditions, is used for the same purpose. If New Zealand mutton can be sold in London at from 4½*d.* to 4¾*d.* per lb., "every one connected with the trade is abundantly paid"; it is asserted that the frozen-meat industry has been the means of raising the value of land in that country from 25 to 30 per cent., and that 266,212 frozen carcases of sheep were exported in 1890.

The tinned-meat trade, which has been carried on between Australasia and this country for more than twenty years, still continues, in spite of its frozen rival, as meat thus preserved is very valuable in camping out, and if there were to be a great war this industry would probably be stimulated to a remarkable extent. The process is effected by packing parboiled meat, hot, in the tins, when the lids, which have a minute hole drilled through them, are put on and soldered. The tins are then steamed in a solution of chloride of calcium, which has a much higher boiling-point than water. After this they are hermetically sealed and boiled in the solution. By this means "all germs that would lead to putrefactive changes are destroyed." A considerable trade is also carried on by the Australians in extract of meat, which, the author tells us, "is practically the same as Liebig's *Extractum Carnis*." Meat and bones are boiled for about forty-five minutes, and then "the liquor" is passed through straining bags into evaporating pans. In these the liquid is continually stirred by machinery, and in five days the process is completed. "Nothing is added either to season or to preserve the residue. The natural salts of the meat—kreatin, &c.—guarantee the preservation of the extract."

To many readers, the chapters on horses, cattle, and sheep will prove the most interesting of the volume. Most of the English breeds have found their way to Australia, if not to New Zealand. The greatest proportion of cattle, in both countries, are of the

old Durham breed, the original source of our own pedigree short-horns, not a few of which, more especially of the Bates breed, have been exported to those colonies. The sheep are chiefly of the Merino breed, which not only has the advantage of being very hardy, but also of yielding enormous quantities of excellent wool. Its mutton, on the other hand, is not all that could be desired, and owing to the development of the frozen-meat trade with this country, English long-woolled breeds producing a finer quality of flesh have been adopted by many Australasian farmers. The shearing, by which skilled hands used to be able to earn a pound a day, is now generally effected with a steam-driven instrument, not unlike a horse-clipping machine. The horses are of so many varieties that it would be impossible to deal with them in the space at our disposal, and we will only observe that in South Australia their hay, instead of being made of grass, is usually of green wheat, "cut just as it approaches its heaviest growth." It is beyond our present purpose to notice the author's opinions on colonial government and the relations of the Australian colonies to the Mother-country. It will be sufficient for us to say that on these questions some of his readers are not unlikely to disagree with him.

There are ninety full-page plates, chiefly from photographs, and twenty-four illustrations in the text. Some of these are purely technical, such as those of machinery and insect pests; others afford an excellent idea of the farm and other buildings of the countries noticed, as well as of the agricultural operations; a few give interesting portraits of the natives, and many present pretty landscapes in bush and plain. Stock-breeders will be interested in the photographs of horses, cattle, and sheep, a dozen of which had already done duty in the author's *Farm Live Stock of Great Britain*. Few things in the entire work have interested us more than the eight excellent maps, showing the land-surface, the orographical, the geological, and the isothermal features of Australia and New Zealand. The author concludes with a terrific onslaught upon Mr. Froude, and then comes a capital index.

#### BOOK-PLATES.\*

THE first number of our new contemporary, *The Ex-Libris Journal*, cannot be congratulated on its title, but comes out opportunely enough while the heraldic exhibition at Edinburgh excites a certain amount of interest. The bindings at the Burlington Club are also calculated to call attention to heraldry in book-decoration, as many of them have coats of arms, crests, badges, and other insignia on them, and no doubt, could we open them, contain ancient book-plates. On the cover of the *Journal* a number of examples are reproduced, none being neater than that of "Mr. Horatio Walpole," which is well known to all collectors. It would be interesting to see a complete set of these engraved by Mr. C. W. Sherborn, of which a rare example finds its way into the Royal Academy most years. His book-plates executed for the Duke of Westminster and for Mr. William Robinson, of Birkenhead, are worthy of Aldegrave or Beham. The *Journal* opens with a second-hand article by Mr. Leighton, reprinted from the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1866. The subject would have been worthy of a completely new treatment, the more so as a misprint is left uncorrected. The Hammonius book-plate has a Latin inscription—"Carolus Agricola Hammonius, Juris Utriusque Doctor." "Hammoniusiuris" is nonsense. This plate dates from the sixteenth century, and is certainly German. In a footnote the editor tells us that the Philobiblon Society, of which the Prince Consort was the first President, and the late Lord Houghton the last secretary, has ceased to exist. A pleasant little paper follows Mr. Leighton's, on "another recreation for contemplative men," in which book-plates are strongly recommended to our attention; "nor can any man be accounted happy who has not some such hobby to amuse him on a wet day, or wherewith to bore his friends on convenient occasions. 'Here lies Smith, who was nothing; not even a collector of postage-stamps,' would not be the epitaph of a cheerful man." Since the publication of Lord de Tabley's book a great change has taken place in the value of plates, and what "twenty years ago might have been bought for a few pence, now cost as many shillings." Some of Bewick's plates are invaluable. So are some of those engraved by Hogarth. Modern artists have not disdained to design them, and the collector has a large field before him. Mr. Hamilton, the author of the paper, gives minute directions, in the Walton style, as to getting a plate safely out of a book. A piece of clean blotting-paper dipped in hot water, must be laid over it. "Then you are to walk away, and having chosen your favourite pipe or cigar, you will smoke it until the end be come," and so on. "This sport," he concludes, "is too good for any but collectors or honest men, and therefore I have trusted you with this secret." The earliest English dated book-plate is that of Sir Nicholas Bacon, 1574. Almost all book-plate inscriptions refer to the thieveries of borrowers. When we are smarting under a recently-discovered loss, no language seems adequate; but some of these mottoes are undoubtedly strong. "The ungodly borroweth and payeth not again" is common, but is hardly enough. Some mediæval manuscripts contain very fair maledictions on fraudulent borrowers which might suit designers of modern plates. The simple reference, "Exodus xx. 15," is as

\* *The Ex-Libris Journal*. Part I. London: A. & C. Black. July 1891.



good as anything; but we observe, "If a man borrow aught of his neighbour, and it is hurt, he shall surely make it good," from another passage in Exodus. But there is ambiguity in a Greek motto from 1 Thessalonians, "Prove all things; hold fast to that which is good." One correspondent of the *Ex-Libris Journal* suggests, "This book was bought at the sign of the Shakespeare Head. Borrowing neighbours are recommended to supply themselves in the same manner." But this is rather rude. Heraldic book-plates are well represented at Edinburgh, an Irish collector alone having sent no fewer than 664 specimens. This number of the *Journal* ends with a notice of the new "Ex-Libris Society," which appears to be in a flourishing condition, considering its youth. Certainly as a pursuit the collecting of book-plates is vastly ahead of stamp-collecting, and is calculated to improve the taste; but the collector will have to pay heavily for some capital items. The Dürer plates are not to be had merely for the asking; and there is an engraving by Sebald Beham of which, so far, only one impression has been identified. It contains the arms of Cardinal Albert of Brandenburg, Archbishop of Mentz, and only occurs in the Bibliothèque National at Paris.

#### THE THAMES.\*

THE pictures are so much the most important part of this book that it will be well to notice them first; although we must reserve our opinion as to whether the most important part of the book is also the best. Some of the smaller vignettes in the text are exquisite; but, whether from some defect in the engraving process, or from some inherent fault of the drawing, the larger pictures fail to satisfy the critical eye. Of the vignettes, nothing can be better than the view of Clefden, on p. 102; but it is not much bigger than a postage stamp. Two pages further on is a remarkable drawing. The rank vegetation on the Thames banks, the punt, the dark trees in the distance, the shining stream, combine to make up a picture. But a sketch on p. 23 is, to tell the truth, a failure. The water-lilies and their broad leaves are rough and hard. The background is much too black. There is no gradation; and, in short, it is difficult to believe that the drawing is by the same hand as the Ifley Mill on p. 13, a miracle of delicacy. By the way, we only guess that it is Ifley. There are no names to the views. The cottage on p. 21 looks like a snow-scene, it is so white and so black, and forms a strange contrast with the fine, sunny, airy landscape on p. 62, with its gleaming river winding away into a background that melts into the soft sky. These inequalities mar the book, but perhaps the pretty pictures outnumber the ugly ones, only the ugly ones are so much more aggressive and conspicuous.

Mrs. Pennell has done nothing better than some of the descriptions, but, like Mr. Pennell's drawings, they are mixed. Here is about as high-water mark:—

The great beauty of Clifton Hampton and the neighbouring villages will not let itself be told, and he will never know it who does not feel the charm of peaceful country when the sunset burns into the water and the elms are black against the glory of the West, and the little black cottages disappear into the darkness of the foliage—the charms of long walks through hedged-in lanes as the red fades into the gray twilight, and a lone nightingale sings from the hedge, and the far church bells ring softly across the sleeping meadows.

But we have not very much of this kind. The notes are chiefly of the slightest character. Mrs. Pennell seldom or never commits herself to a definite statement. She glances, so to speak, and passes on. Of the inn at Wargrave, for instance, we read:—"The artistic respectability of 'The George and Dragon' is vouched for by its painted sign, the not very wonderful work of two R.A.'s." Why can we not learn the names of these painters? The matter is of but little importance; but, as it is only one of a hundred similarly unfinished statements, it gradually jars on the reader. Here is another specimen:—"At Lady Place . . . men came together to save their country from the Stuarts." The meaning of this mysterious passage is not explained. Once more; on p. 120 we read that "Not far from Weybridge lived the rollicking, frolicking, jolly old monks whose legend is said to drive away sentiment." In other places she is too explicit, as in the case of Twickenham.

Altogether, there is about the whole book an air of extreme hurry. There is no table of contents; there is no list of pictures; there is no index; there is no preface. Nevertheless, Mr. Pennell's sketches are not commonplace. He contrives in many cases to ennoble his subject without destroying its identity.

#### THE FAUST VOLKSLIEDER.†

THE Faust literature before the time of Lessing falls into three divisions—the *Volksbücher*, or chapbooks, of which the first was published by Spiess at Frankfurt in 1587; the *Volksschauspiele*, or popular plays, with their later development of the puppet-plays, which are traced back to Marlowe's *Faustus*,

\* *The Stream of Pleasure: a Month on the Thames.* By Joseph and Elizabeth Robins Pennell. London: Unwin. 1891.

† *Die Deutschen Volkslieder vom Doktor Faust.* Von Alexander Tille. Halle: Niemeyer.

a version of which was acted by the English Comedy Players at Graetz in 1618; and the *Volkslieder*, or folk-songs. It is with these folk-songs that Herr Tille's work deals. He distinguishes two groups—ballads and lyrics. The ballads are the more interesting and of greater antiquity. Arnim and Brentano, in the *Knabenwunderhorn*, print a Faust ballad, the original of which was a broadside printed at Cologne. Of this ballad Herr Tille enumerates six versions, and proves that they all go back to a common source written before 1700. The text, as printed in the *Wunderhorn*, is corrupt and the sense obscured. The original ballad describes how, when the time of the agreement between Faust and Mephistopheles is drawing to a close, they travel to Jerusalem, where Faust orders Mephistopheles to paint for him the Crucifixion. He does this, but omits the superscription; for, according to the legend, he may not utter the name of God. Faust charges Mephistopheles with the omission.

To this the latter replies—

Ich will dir wiederum geben  
Dein zuvor gegebene Handschrift;  
Dann es ist mir unmöglich,  
Dass ich schreib, Herr Jesu Christ.

At this point an angel appears and exhorts Faust to repentance. Mephistopheles, by conjuring up a vision of Helena, drags him again into his power, and Faust perishes miserably. It is possible that the ballad originally ended with the lines quoted above, in which case Faust would have been rescued by Mephistopheles's surrender of the bond, and the writer of the ballad, and not Lessing, would have been the first to recognize that Faust's salvation was a necessary development of the legend.

The source of this ballad is found in the popular Faust plays. In several versions of the *Volksschauspiel*, there is a scene analogous to the situation in the ballad. It is represented in the chapbooks by the passage in which Faust questions Mephistopheles about God, heaven, and salvation, which passage Marlowe imitated in the scene in which Faust asks, "Tell me who made the world," and Mephistopheles replies "I will not," and leaves him. The scene in which Faust asks Mephistopheles for a painting of the Crucifixion is not to be found in any of the numerous chapbooks. It is shown by internal evidence that the plays could not have borrowed this motive from the ballad; therefore, the ballad in question owes its origin to the plays, and its author was probably unacquainted with the chapbooks.

The two other ballads which Herr Tille discusses are of later origin—one relates how Faust makes his guests seize each other by the nose, under the impression that they are seizing clusters of grapes, the other tells how Faust shoots his father with a pistol and abandons his *Gretel*, an allusion, of course, to the Gretchen of Goethe.

The Faust lyrics are no independent growth, but are part and parcel of the *Volksschauspiel*. They were probably introduced early in the eighteenth century, when a sort of revival of the Faust play took place at Vienna. As early as 1738 we find these lyrics printed on the play-bills. Their place in the plays was usually after Faust had signed the bond. They contained for the most part words of warning addressed to Faust, and were sung by angels or by Faust's good genius, introduced on to the stage.

Herr Tille's researches are a valuable contribution to the Faust literature. He has collected in a convenient form all the Faust ballads and lyrics of popular origin which have as yet been discovered. Though his reconstruction of the most important Faust ballad is open to objection, he has finally solved the question of its relationship to the chapbooks and plays, and his book will be welcomed by those who are interested in the various phases of the Faust legend.

#### TECHNICAL MANUALS.\*

MR. STANLEY'S handbook on *Surveying and Levelling Instruments* is in many respects an excellent work. It contains more and better information with regard to the construction, adjustment, and management of sextants, theodolites, dumpy levels, Y-levels, circumferencers, and kindred apparatus, than any book with which we are acquainted. And surely if any one is entitled to speak with authority on the subject it is Mr. Stanley. Himself a first-rate maker and possessed of large experience, he has evidently spared no pains in collecting materials for his book from the past and current literature of surveying. His descriptions of the apparatus, chiefly from the maker's point of view, are extremely minute, and many of his practical hints will certainly be useful to surveyors. As an instance we may mention the suggestion (p. 172) that, when the circular silver scale of an instrument is much oxidized, it may be cleaned by means of a piece of fine-grained charcoal dipped in water. Again, we concur with him in recommending the tribach as the best setting-up arrangement for theodolites and levels. And yet, in

\* *Surveying and Levelling Instruments Theoretically and Practically Described.* By William Ford Stanley. London: E. & F. Spon. 1890.

*Metal-Turning.* By a Foreman Pattern-maker. London: Whittaker & Co. 1890.

*Electro-motors; how Made and how Used.* By S. R. Bottone. London: Whittaker & Co. 1890.

*The Electric Light, Popularly Explained.* By A. Bromley Holmes, M.Inst.C.E. London: Beaumont & Sons. 1890.

one respect, the book is tantalizing and unsatisfactory. Although the matter is as full as could be desired, the manner is sometimes perplexing and the arrangement inconvenient. Some idea of the manner may be gleaned from the following general description of the telescope as used in surveying-instruments:—"The great object desirable in the telescope when used as part of a surveying instrument is, that it shall assist vision in obtaining the true direction, or pointing to the position of an object in a manner that the telescope can be employed to ascertain the angular position of two or more objects in relation to the position of the centre of the instrument, also to obtain relative altitude to this centre in relation to a distant station by the reading of a divided measure or staff placed thereon." A terrible sentence this. It would appear to have undergone a species of oxidation. Cannot Mr. Stanley find a piece of finely-grained charcoal by the application of which the points may be brought out more sharply and distinctly?

That obscurity of style is not inevitable in a technical manual, the clear simplicity of "A Foreman Pattern-maker's" essay on *Metal-Turning* may be allowed to testify. Three distinct classes of people will benefit by this booklet. First, there is the amateur turner who wants to understand the general principles of all the operations involved, from scribbling to finishing. Next, there is the workman in the engineer's shop, condemned by the division of labour to continue work in a narrow groove, and liable on that account to get rusty in other departments of the craft; and, last, there is the omnivorous "general reader" who has no desire to attempt metal-turning, but would like to know "how it is done." The "Foreman Pattern-maker" omits all mention of eccentric chucks, geometric chucks, and the numberless other appliances used in "ornamental" turning, and judiciously confines himself to the exposition of broad principles.

No kind of "amateur work" seems to be more popular than the construction of electrical machines. The literature of the subject is considerable. Mr. Bottone, the author of *Electro-motors*, has himself written a more general book on electrical instrument-making for amateurs. Next to the influence machine and the frictional machine, the most popular piece of apparatus is probably the electro-motor. It is easy to make, and when made has the merit of being practically useful. A very small motor, with a battery of six quart cells, will drive a sewing-machine at a surprising pace. In the volume before us the amateur will find clear and precise directions as to the construction of motors, an elementary statement of the principles on which they depend, and descriptions of the more complicated forms, whether worked by continuous or by alternating currents. The student who has filled his mind with the practical details given in Mr. Bottone's book will have made a good start, and may then proceed to grapple with more advanced treatises in which the difficult problems involved in the construction of motors, such as "hysteresis," "periodicity," and the "magnetic circuit," are discussed.

The appearance of a fifth edition of *The Electric Light*, by Mr. Bromley Holmes, reminds us that at present there is no book which may be taken as a trustworthy guide and counsellor by the householder who is thinking of setting up the electric light in his house. How shall he decide whether to apply to an electric light Company—and, if so, whether to patronize the continuous current or the alternating current—or whether to have a gas-engine, dynamo, and accumulators in his own house? As far as it goes, Mr. Holmes's book is not unsatisfactory; but it is very short and slight. Perhaps the most useful chapter is the last, in which the relative cost of the different systems is sketched out. According to Mr. Holmes, a light equal to 1,000 standard candles will cost a shilling an hour if gas (at 3s. per 1,000 cubic feet) be the illuminant, and 11d. if incandescent lamps be employed. With small installations worked by a gas-engine, the cost will be 1s. 2d. per hour. More information is required as regards the advantages, conveniences, risks, and liabilities of the competing systems.

#### ELY RECORDS.\*

THE ancient records of the great diocese of Ely, whose bishop had once much of the same kind of jurisdiction as the bishops of Durham, are of considerable public interest. The Bishop has been well advised to print them, and the work is performed in a sumptuous manner. Mr. Gibbons's editing is all it ought to be, and the printing and paper reflect credit on the provincial press. The registers have hitherto been practically inaccessible, having been scattered about, some in London, some at Cambridge, and some at Ely. All are now gathered under one roof, and the Bishop has fitted up a muniment-room in Bishop Alcock's Tower in the palace at Ely, where they are carefully arranged so as to be easily available for the research which their historical importance deserves. Owing to the jurisdiction exercised by the old Bishops of Ely, "their muniment-room contains, in addition to the ordinary records of diocesan business, a great mass of ancient documents relating to their temporal jurisdiction, both civil and

criminal." The ecclesiastical records, also, have been arranged, and comprise visitation-books and transcripts of parish registers. They are in unusually good preservation, and have been placed in order according to parishes, so as to be readily consulted when, as is too often the case, the parochial records are themselves defective. The marriage licences are very valuable, and there is a list, printed in this volume, of the old marriage register, from 1745 to 1759, of Ely Chapel, in Holborn. Marriages at Ely Chapel were fashionable then, and at an earlier time, and one is recorded by Evelyn in his *Diary* (27th April, 1693). In addition to his notes from these documents, Mr. Gibbons has placed in an appendix an account of the various records relating to the old diocese of Ely which are in the British Museum, the Public Record Office, and the Library of Lambeth Palace.

The see of Ely is one of the few English bishoprics which still possesses an official London residence. The contests which arose in the reign of Queen Elizabeth as to the old palace in Holborn dragged on incessantly until 1772, when the Bishop was allowed by an Act of Parliament to sell his claims for 6,500*l.* and an annuity of 200*l.* from the Crown. In April of the same year Bishop Keene obtained the virtual freehold—a ground rent of 18*l.* only being reserved to Lord Berkeley of Stratton—of a house in Dover Street for 5,600*l.*, and the bishops finally removed from Holborn. The house, which has a stone front and a mitre carved on it, was probably built for the Bishop in 1776, and is described as on the site of Clarendon House, which was afterwards Albemarle House. It is interesting to note the gradual increase in value of land here. The site in 1700 was worth 1,800*l.* In 1715 it was sold for 2,350*l.*, and in 1770 for 5,100*l.* Mr. Gibbons prints abstracts of the title-deeds.

The episcopal registers have been reported upon to the Historical Manuscripts Commission by Dr. Jessop. They begin in 1337, but are far from being complete. They contain fewer early references to the University of Cambridge than might have been expected; but the great influence of the Mendicant orders of friars is well exemplified. In 1375, for instance, ten Franciscans, five Augustinians, and seven Carmelites, after admission to the priesthood, were licensed to preach throughout the diocese. All belonged to houses in Cambridge. Great activity in church building, and in what we now call "restoration"—that is, in pulling down old churches, destroying the monuments, and rebuilding in the new style—ensued on this preaching activity. In a single year of his stormy episcopate Lisle dedicated ten churches in Cambridgeshire alone. It was at this period that the great ornament of Ely Cathedral, the octagon, was devised and built by Prior Walsingham. There is less about the cathedral in Mr. Gibbons's book than we might have expected; but he quotes the destructive Wyatt's report. If we had not seen such wonders in our own day we should deem it incredible that any Dean and Chapter should let this man loose on their church. The irreparable mischief he wrought at Salisbury, and would have wrought at Durham if he had been allowed, might have warned them. But in 1796 he was summoned to Ely; and, contrary to what might have been expected, he does not recommend the destruction of the porch or of the octagon, but only wants to remove the bells, the organ, and an ivy-tree in the Deanery garden. The worst part of the report appeals to the cupidity of the Dean and Chapter, and recommends them to sell the leading of the roof for 3,000*l.*, as a cheaper roof might be made for 1,200*l.* or 1,500*l.* They do not appear to have acted on Wyatt's report, and Ely has suffered less at the hands of "restorers" than almost any other English cathedral; for the decoration of the roof is a new and excellent feature, worthy of the best periods of English art, and not, strictly speaking, any restoration. The Bishop's palace, too, is in a very satisfactory state, much of it dating from the reign of Henry VII., but with examples of almost all the styles in vogue since. We could wish Mr. Gibbons had given us in full "an account of the number of windows of the Palace, for the Window Tax," briefly mentioned on page 108.

Among the miscellaneous entries many are very curious. Witches are mentioned in 1647, when Dorothy Ellis is tried and confesses to having seen "the Devell in the likenes of a great catt," and to having commanded him "to goe and be witch 4 of the cattell of Tho. Hitch all wh<sup>ch</sup> cattell presently died." After this "she sent hir catt spirit to bewitch and take away the life of Marie, the daughter of Tho. Salter of Stretham, which spirit forthwith kild the child," and also lamed the mother. She further practised against John Gotobed, because he called her an old witch and flung stones at her. We fear it must have gone badly with Dorothy Ellis, but her fate is not revealed in the records. She, no doubt, suffered at the stake; like two heretics, burnt in 1555, at Ely. Licences to beg in the diocese are not infrequent. "In one instance such an indulgence is granted for two years, to enable a poor man who had been stripped of his all by robbers to recover his losses." A very searching visitation of the parishes in the Isle of Ely is described in a little volume of 1638. At Doddington, William Aspland is presented "for sitting w<sup>th</sup> his hatt on his head in the tyme of divine service." It is probable this practice had its political or polemical aspect. The Dutch to this day wear "hatts" in church; and we must suppose, from his statue and its inscription at St. Albans, that Lord Bacon did the same. There are other references to the usage; but we can hardly wonder at Master Aspland if Doddington Church was like its neighbour at Elme, where "it raineth in upon the Communion Table." In Ely itself a great disturbance close to the "quire of the cathe-

\* *Ely Episcopal Records: a Calendar and Concise View of the Episcopal Records preserved in the Muniment Room of the Palace at Ely.* Compiled by Direction of the Right Rev. Alwyne, Lord Bishop of Ely, by A. Gibbons, F.S.A. Printed for Private Circulation. Lincoln: James Williamson. 289*l.*



drall" is caused on New Year's day by a scoundrel named William Smyth, who roasted "a catt tied to a spitt," in the presence of a great crowd, whereby "a great prophanacion" was made. There are many curious entries of a later date as to episcopal expenditure, among which we find in 1779 that the Bishop paid 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* "for a grizzle peruke"; and in 1790 that the bill of Francis Winter "for dressing the Honorable and Right Reverend the Lord Bp. of Ely's Perukes from March 10th to July 6th," was 2*l.* 1*s.* 10*d.*—251 perukes at 2*d.* each. In 1778 there is a curious correspondence as to "Mr. Porson," for whom the Bishop wished to provide a suit of clothes, "and his lordship begs they may be made big enough to admit of a little increase of size, as they are not things in constant wear." Mr. Smith, the deputy-registrar, to whom this letter is addressed, is further requested not "to notice to Mr. Porson." He replies that Mr. Porson had already got his coat and boots before coming to him, and wishes he had waited. "I think I could a got the boots and coat more reasonable then having them of the college shoemaker and taylor." Finally, Mr. Smith is desired "to waite upon Mr. Porson of Trinity College, and advance him two guineas for pocket money and place it to his lordship's account." Another curious parcel of letters is of much earlier date. It relates to the matrimonial affairs of a gentleman named Beck, who lived in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. His love-letters to Miss Elizabeth Lynne are mixed up with legal documents, and there is a go-between, Thomas Chabenor. He calls her his "dearest princeesse," and uses many euphuisms. His "soule" has departed from him "to the place where it loves." He trusts he is not "ordeyned to die," but that he shall be "again conjoynd to his soule and cured." He sends her a posy ring, and she replies accepting his offers, but expressing anxiety as to his estate—"which being founde no worse then hath bene by yov and your friendes reported yov shall find me as yov desire. Thus with my hartye Comendacions I Cummette yov to the tuicion of the allmighttye." Whether Mr. Beck married Miss Lynne is not known; but in 1604, as a widower, he married Katharine Perse, and appears to have died ten years later. Altogether the Bishop of Ely has done a good work in arranging for the printing of this interesting and valuable calendar.

## NEW MUSIC.

WE have received from Messrs. Novello, Ewer, & Co. a series of admirably-printed and arranged Sonatas for violin and piano by Arcangelo Corelli (1653-1713), the pianoforte accompaniment being constructed upon the original figured bass, marks of expression, bowing, and fingering by Arnold Dolmetsch. It is superfluous to praise the work of this very great master, and all we can do is to compliment Messrs. Novello for rescuing so much that is beautiful from oblivion, and for adding this interesting series to the many masterpieces of ancient music they have had the taste and spirit to restore to popularity. These Sonatas will be found invaluable by violinists. Some very pretty songs have been recently published by this eminent firm; among them none is better than "Thekla's song in *Wallenstein*," by W. Fishburn Donkin.

Messrs. Ricordi & Co. send us "O! love Marie," by Signor Vittorio Carpi, a commonplace song; "Our King," by Signor August Roteth, a fairly effective sacred song; and a semi-sacred song, "Evening Rest," by the same composer, which is even more meritorious. "A Curl of Gold," by B. Palmieri, has silly words and poor music. Signor P. Tosti's "Les Filles de Cadix" is a graceful mezzo-soprano song in the Spanish style. Signor Tosti's "Mon cœur est plein de toi" is one of his very best recent works, and "Si tu voulais" is charming. "Hush-a-bye," by Signor L. Denza, is a delightful song; but "My Paradise," with absurd words, is not worthy of this popular composer. Very ordinary in every way is "The Violet," by Signor Isidoro Pavia, and "Saved from the Wreck" is a feeble imitation by H. Elliot Leth of Piusotti's well-known song. Two very pretty and easy violin pieces are "Madrigale" and "Romanza," by A. Simonetti.

Messrs. Paterson & Sons have recently published "The Old Mill," a fairly effective ballad by Mr. Arthur Hervey; "The Closing of the Day," by Miss Annie Armstrong, which is not at all original; and "From Lands where Love for ever Dreams," an absolutely bad composition, with abjectly foolish words by Alfred Stetter. "The Abbey Portal," with a refrain, is by Mr. Cornell Wood. "Pastoral Album," a two-part song by Mr. Alfred Moffat, is a nice little song for children; but the soprano part is a trifle too high for a young voice. Very pretty and light is "The Bee and the Butterfly," a vocal trio by M. Otto Schweitzer. A pianoforte "derangement" of old Scotch airs by M. Eugene Woycke is, to say the least of it, rubbish. We can, however, recommend "A Border Pastoral," by Mr. Colin J. Stotker. "The Queen o' Scots' Ancient Dance," by Mr. J. W. Moore, is very like a modern polka.

Two new songs—"My Cousin Bonnie" and "One Life and One Love," respectively by Mr. A. H. Behrens and Mr. J. M. Capel—are not particularly interesting. Much more satisfactory are the contents of two neat little albums of six songs by Mr. James Molloy and Mr. Stephen Adams, issued by Messrs. Robert Cocks & Co., which form the eighteenth number of the *Burlington Album*, an excellent periodical which finds, we feel convinced,

much favour in country-houses where musical taste is not very exacting.

From Mr. Charles Woolham we have a capital album of fantasias on Irish airs, by M. J. Jacques Haakmar; "A Reverie," for the violoncello, by M. Jean Gerardy, which is quite charming; and equally pretty is "Sehnsucht-Hoffnung," for violin and pianoforte, by M. F. Clarisse Mallard.

The London Music Publishing Company has lately issued a series of eight songs by Mr. Erskine Allon, the music of which is pretty. The words, to say the least, leave to seek.

The *London Album*, a series of popular dance music, is a useful publication; but surely some of the waltzes are not of the best. "The Shaking Polka," however, is a very bright and danceable specimen of its class. All these pieces are easy to read at sight.

## FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE third volume of what is either the greatest involuntary or the greatest voluntary satire ever issued on a man of esprit ("and for a third plea the defendant said that the same had been garbled")—the *Mémoires de Talleyrand* (1)—has appeared.

A less harsh judgment may be passed on the *Mémoires* of the Duchess of Gontaut (2). Mme. de Gontaut was a girl in '89, but enjoyed the post of "governess of the infants of France" during the Restoration. It is not her fault that since that dismallest of restorations there has not been an infant of France who was of the slightest interest, or that she has little or nothing to tell but what Mr. Carlyle might have called (perhaps has called) "she-gentleman usherings." The thing is, unluckily, written throughout in the official style. "Rien ne fut plus touchant que le moment où le roi venant près d'eux leur confia la garde du duc de Bordeaux; 'Veillez sur ce précieux enfant,' leur dit-il," and so forth; "Son noble cœur aussi battait de bonheur et," &c. We do not want to say anything unkind of the noble cœur of Charles X. He might have been a little less of a fribble in his youth; he might have been a little less of a faintant, to say nothing worse, in his early manhood when, had he landed in La Vendée, many things might have been different. But he was, at any rate, clear from some of the stains which rest on his brother of Provence; and, though it would be an insult to compare Charles II. to Louis XVIII., yet Charles X. had, at any rate, over his brother the same superiority of principle, were it only of foolish principle, that James II. had over his. Still, he is rather a difficult subject for the official style. However, the book is agreeable. "La charge," writes Mme. de Gontaut with the noblest gravity, "de gouvernante des enfants de France est inamovible; et nulle puissance du monde, pas même celle du roi, ne peut en disposer sans un jugement des pairs." With this echo of the past, which Saint-Simon must have stirred himself in his tomb to applaud, let us leave her.

*L'enfant du Temple* (3) is, we confess, less interesting to us. For your claimant we have a most lukewarm affection. Perkin Warbeck, the false Demetrius, the Man in the Iron Mask, and many others, ending in the Naundorff, or Nauendorff, in whom M. de Gaugler believes, have had no doubt the good fortune to interest persons of much greater ability than any to which we can lay claim; but us they bore. The persons of much greater ability may go to M. de Gaugler and see whether his proofs will weigh with them against the fatal argument that only two sets of persons are likely to have smuggled Louis XVII. away—those who wished to make him king and those whose interest it was that he would never be such. The first would never have kept him a private person; the second would have "made sicker."

We are rather wont in England to take French colonizing enterprises irreverently (4). It is true that in the past they were unlucky enough, and that, according to all accounts, even Algeria has not yet been made anything like self-supporting. But in the last few years, at any rate, Indo-China, Madagascar, and the very large tract, held by no means merely nominally, which extends from Senegal to Timbuctoo, and with some gaps to the Congo, are not things to be quite poohpoohed. If any one likes a succinct and well-arranged account of the older period, he will find it in M. Deschamps's book.

Signor Federici's (5) book, which appears translated from the Italian, is a very respectable, but not very interesting, study of certain laws, as to the existence of which we own ourselves somewhat sceptical.

Mr. Huxley's work (6) needs no recommendation of its merits and no criticism of its defects to a reader of the *Saturday Review*.

There is always something that is interesting in a book that is

(1) *Mémoires du Prince de Talleyrand*. Par le Duc de Broglie. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(2) *Mémoires de Mme. la Duchesse de Gontaut*. Paris: Plon.

(3) *L'enfant du Temple*. Par le Baron de Gaugler. Paris: Savine.

(4) *Histoire de la question coloniale en France*. Par L. Deschamps. Paris: Plon.

(5) *Les lois du progrès déduites des phénomènes naturels*. Par R. Federici. Paris: Alcan.

(6) *Les sciences naturelles et l'éducation*. Par Th. Huxley. Paris: J. B. Baillière.

boldly out of the fashion. M. Thorel (7) goes back to Sterne in his title, and nearly as far in his style, though he stops there, for the most part, at Xavier de Maistre and Sénancour, modernized sometimes pretty boldly. He is an exceedingly amatory promenade (which is no doubt in the style), and appears to consider it necessary to fold in his arms every young person of attractive appearance whom he meets. In ordinary life this practice meets with many difficulties, of taste and otherwise, including the fact that the police courts are open, and that modern codes are unfriendly to kissing. In the economy of *Tendre*, however, no such base considerations exist, and M. Thorel wanders in the country with heart aflame and eyes aflow like a kind of resuscitated mixture of the distinguished persons above mentioned, with dashes of Rousseau, some of the men of 1830, and others added. It is a queer *macédoine*, sometimes in good taste, sometimes in bad.

M. de Goncourt has come to the aid of the students and collectors of *Japonaiseries* with a careful account, followed by a regular *catalogue raisonné*, of the works of Outamaro (8), a Japanese artist of the end of the last century and the beginning of this. M. de Goncourt's competence in the matter is undoubted, and the interest of the matter itself, though a little *surfait* perhaps some years ago, is undoubted likewise.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THERE should be some among the summer visitors to Shetland to whom Dr. Samuel Hibbert's *Description of the Shetland Isles*, as reprinted by Messrs. T. and J. Manson of Lerwick, cannot but prove welcome. Hibbert's interesting itinerary through Shetland was originally published in 1822, and dedicated to the Wernerian Society. It was as a "geognost" and antiquary that Hibbert set forth on his expedition, his chief object being the investigation of the primitive rocks in the Shetland Isles. But he was speedily induced to make a wider and deeper study of the isles and the inhabitants. His descriptive style is excellently plain and effective. His accounts of the scenery, customs, agriculture, and fisheries are capital reading, even now that the well-informed tourist finds the paths to knowledge both numerous and easy. Perhaps it is no matter for regret that the "geological sections" of his book are omitted from the present reprint. What there is given, of tradition and legend orally collected, and of animated narrative, will amply repay all who propose to explore Shetland. As he remarks in his preface, with the exception of his geological chapters and his account of the "ancient Udal system," his itinerary is devoted to matters of "a popular character." It were well, therefore, that the voyager to the Ultima Thule of Agricola should study Hibbert, if only that he may realize fully the changes and "improvements" that seventy years have brought about. To neglect this opportunity were as inexcusable as not to have read or re-read *The Pirate*.

From *Caxton to Coverdale* is the descriptive title of the new volume of Professor Henry Morley's "English Writers" (Cassell & Co.). The period thus roughly indicated, if not remarkably prolific in great literary names, is one of extreme importance to students of the historical development of English literature. Between the plan and treatment of Mr. Morley's work true proportion is not invariably preserved, owing to the difficulty of reconciling a comprehensive survey within the limitations of comment and illustration prescribed by the writer's scheme. Dunbar, for example, is scarcely presented to the reader in the various aspects his writings suggest, and Mr. Morley's comparative criticism scarcely succeeds in elucidating the very striking and interesting characteristics of such powerful yet dissimilar satirists as Skelton and Lindsay.

In *The Story of the "Imitatio Christi"* (Elliot Stock) Mr. Leonard Wheatley contributes to the "Book-Lover's Library" a volume that adheres very consistently to the plan originally designed for the Series. But, in reducing to compact narrative the history of one of the most famous of books, he devotes considerable space to describing and enumerating the manuscripts and printed editions of the *Imitation*, and to a summary of the controversy as to the author.

*Education and Heredity* (Walter Scott) is a translation, by Mr. W. J. Greenstreet, of a treatise on education by the late Jean Marie Guyau, philosopher and poet. Of what is commonly understood as heredity there is little or nothing in the volume, for which rare abstinence from current cant the blessings of the reader are due to the shade of the author. The repression of unsocial tendencies, and a training of the individual that shall be fruitful in benefits to society, are chief among the educational objects advocated. These are sensible aims, as much of M. Guyau's treatise on the formation of habits and on punishments is likewise sensible, though the author's ideal might as readily be realized were the teacher to consider only the special needs of the individual child, apart from any thought of the good of society and the child's possible offspring in the dim future.

A story with a purpose is *Wednesday's Child*, by Miriam Alan (Sampson Low & Co.), the purpose being "to try and stamp out the infliction of corporal punishment in girls' schools." A martyr to nervous headaches is the heroine of this morbid and dreary story. Her distressful life is represented as wholly due to the

punishment she received in an Irish convent school; and, if we are to accept every statement in the author's hysterical preface, it would appear that the fiction is scarcely coloured or disguised fact. Even so, the story is dull, and the author's opening manifesto on the subject is too much charged with vague assertions.

*A Minimum Wage*, by Alfred Morris (Cassell & Co.), is a "Socialistic novel," with a hero of wondrous gifts who visits a country village, conquering and to conquer, armed with a pretty "platform" of politico-social ideas, such as land nationalization, a minimum wage, free food for school-children, and the like. He makes converts with extraordinary ease. The vicar's daughter falls in love with him. The vicar's son, not to be excelled, falls to chattering nonsense. "Patriotism is a mistaken virtue," "Subsidize the Salvation Army," and "Close the public-houses," are examples of his wisdom.

Dr. Edmund Boisgilbert (Ignatius Donnelly) tells a story of the anarchy that is to be when the pride of civilization has waxed over-fat, and the plutocrat is to suffer the vengeance of the Brotherhood of Destruction. *Cesar's Column* (Sampson Low & Co.) is a maddening jumble of nightmares, as tales of anarchy ought to be, such as makes the flesh of the sensitive to creep.

Captain Charles King is the American "John Strange Winter," according to a Baltimore critic. His military stories, according to another distinguished reviewer, possess the "manly spark and dash" that are to be found in Blackmore only, among English authors. Perhaps Captain King sometimes sleeps, as the greatest writers must, for his novel *Captain Blake* (Lippincott Co.) by no means rises to the standard suggested by his critics. "John Strange Winter" may yet breathe freely and Mr. Blackmore continue to sparkle unconcerned. Their heroines, at least, are guiltless of "lily-white fingers," "willowy figures," and "tapering digits."

The third volume of Sir William Thomson's *Popular Lectures and Addresses* (Macmillan & Co.) deals with marine matters, and is issued in advance of the second volume owing to a rearrangement of the lectures decided upon while the work was in progress. The present instalment comprises lectures on Navigation, Tides, Waves, Terrestrial Magnetism, Deep-sea Cables, and Sounding by Pianoforte Wire. As with other contributions to the "Nature Series," the book is well illustrated with diagrams and maps.

The new edition of Mr. Ruskin's *Lectures on Architecture and Painting* (George Allen) appears with nothing additional to the original preface of 1854.

Mr. J. H. Levy edits the first volume of *Transactions of the Political Economy Circle* (King & Son), a series of papers read and discussed at the National Liberal Club, by various members of the Circle, with an introductory address by Mr. Courtney.

Messrs. John Walker & Co. forward samples of the "Centric" pen and penholder—a new pen made upon a new principle, by which the point of the pen is in a line with the centre of the holder, as the point of a lead pencil is in the centre of the wood. All other steel pens are termed "eccentric" by the inventor. The "centric pens"—you may have them "broad" or "fine," or with "turned-up" points—are decidedly agreeable to use.

Among new editions, we have Vol. I. of Professor Marshall's *Principles of Economics* (Macmillan & Co.); *The Children's Garland*, a Selection from "the best Poets," edited by Coventry Patmore (Macmillan & Co.); and Carlyle's *History of the French Revolution*, "Minerva Library" edition, in one volume (Ward, Lock, & Co.).

We have also received the *Index* to the Rev. John Macpherson's translation of Schürer's *History of the Jewish People in the Time of Christ* (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark); M. Boissevain's prize essay *The Monetary Question*, translated by G. Townsend Warner (Macmillan & Co.); Parts 60 and 61 of the *Encyklopädie der Naturwissenschaften*, edited by Professor W. Förster and others (Breslau: Treves, London: Williams & Norgate); *Principles of Social Economics*, by George Gunton (Putnam's Sons); *An Introduction to Phonetics*, by Laura Soames (Sonnenchein & Co.); *New Reformation*, a Lay Sermon by "Prognostic"; Part 2 of a *History of Tariff Administration in the United States*, by John Dean Goss; *Practical Inorganic Chemistry*, an elementary class-book, by Ebenezer J. Cox (Percival & Co.); *Russia and the Jews*, by A. Reader, M.A. (Digby & Long); *With a Song in the Heart*, sermons by the Rev. Arthur Ritchie (New York: Guild of St. Ignatius); *The Eucharist*, a Letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury on the Lincoln Judgment, by "Anglicanus" (Williams & Norgate); *The Reproduction of Geographical Forms*, by J. W. Redway (Boston: Heath & Co.); and Mr. Follett Dunsford's *Handbook of Railway and other Securities*, a useful pocket-guide to prices, dividends, &c., during the last fifteen years (Erfingham Wilson & Co.).

#### NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

(7) *Promesses sentimentales*. Par Jean Thorel. Paris: Perrin.

(8) *Outamaro*. Par Edmond de Goncourt. Paris: Charpentier.



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